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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1814.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEBRUARY 16, 1887.

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[For THE PACIFIC.]

AN EVENING REVERIE.

Evening is here. Over the hills
Comes the light of parting day;
And evening's angels paint the sky
Bright gold, with a tinge of gray.

Evening is here. I ponder o'er
The passing events since dawn,
And think of those who ne'er shall see
The light of another morn.

And, knowing each night may be our last,
Why do we not harder strive
To do some good to each that we can,
In the years we are alive?

And, oh, if our time shall be wasted
When life's evening shall come,
Will our Saviour then be ready
To receive the idle home?

Like a carol cometh the promise—
The promise to all so free—
"As ye did it unto the least of these
Ye have done it unto me."

And, as slowly the daylight fades,
Happy the ones who may say,
"This great world is a little better
For what I have done to-day."

D. A. KINGSBURY.

THOUGHT ON CURRENT THEMES.

The queerest ideas conceivable are afloat, in certain quarters, as to what Congregationalism is, and ought to be, and is to be. Perhaps, the most eccentric utterance of late is that of a writer in the *Forum* for January ("Confessions of a Congregationalist"), who tries to show that we exist for the purpose of trying all possible religious experiments in the Church universal and the world. Our one contribution to the history of Christ's kingdom is "liberty in thought, worship and Christian life." Such writers nearly always mean by "liberty" mere diversity; because, if our Congregational freedom should result in, and so far as it does result in, a free uniformity, it is considered no better than repression, constraint, and all manner of hindrances to liberty. The advantages of our supposed laxness, in contradistinction from other bodies, are thus stated: "A church which is not tethered to either a liturgy, a creed, or a method, may try all sorts of experiments—liturgical, practical, and even doctrinal—without producing that injury which experiments on a wide scale are always apt to produce." The writer instances Dr. Eggleston's unsuccessful "Church of Christian Endeavor," and Beecher's "Evolutionary Theology," as experiments that could be tried in no other denomination than ours. But the writer goes on to assert that those who do not look upon Congregationalism as he does, as a collection of experiments, reject "that which alone gives it a right to exist," and are "un-Congregational." And here his example is—the members of the American Board who protest against trying the experiment, in the Board's missions, of giving the heathen ideas of probation and the future life hostile to those on which the Board was founded; what is the use of Congregationalism in pagan lands if it does not go there to try all possible experiments in religion, as here? This is the drift of his question. He asserts that only those in favor of the new notion of missionary councils are "Congregational Congregationalists," and all the rest of our Zion (including you of the Pacific Coast) are un-Congregationalized! What would the founders of the Board, who tried councils ten years, or more, and gave them up, say to that? According to this new wisdom, they instantly ceased to be Congregationalists then and there. His unfairness of statement is conspicuous. Calling those whom he does not agree with "Presbyterian Congregationalists," he represents them as proposing to subject missions, created by the churches at large (without any Board), to an outside tribunal of faith, and saying, "Let us have a close corporation, which is not amenable to the churches." The fact being that the "corporation" he stigmatizes has existed for seventy-five years—has always been amenable to the churches, and through it, and in this way alone, our churches have created their foreign missions. He has another example—the complainants in the Andover case, who were required, by Congregational principles (!), to refrain from calling the attention of the visitors to the erratic teaching of certain professors. He here seems oblivious of his principle that a council should have been called, in place of the "close corporation not amenable to the churches." If the missionary corporation is not competent to say whether employees are doing their duty, or mean to do it, according to contract, the Seminary corporation are no more competent to decide about their employees. Setting aside the constitution of the Seminary, Phillips Academy, the Visitors, and everything else, the local Seminary church, of which the professors are members, should have called an ecclesiastical council to "advise" the corporation, at least; and this council should have remembered that "the free and fluid organization of Congregationalism confers upon it only one superiority over all its hierarchical con-

temporaries, namely—liberty. It can entertain opinions, and try tentatively movements in worship, thought and work. It can lead in great religious movements by eliciting the truth by means of a free exchange of contrasted, and sometimes clashing, opinions." Of course, any creed at all at Andover, or any board of Visitors, is "un-Congregational."

Does not every reader see the intense absurdity of this? Is this caricature—this substitution of license for order—Congregationalism? We all know what liberty is; what vigorous and independent thinking is. "This is the genius of Congregationalism," said one, in 1858, who will not be suspected of laxness; "and we would not transform it if we could." So say we all who were brought up on Congregationalism. But it was not free religionism that was planted on Plymouth Rock, by a long way. Even Unitarianism, in our day, has not been able to tolerate that! The limits of theological originality among us give large room for sturdy thinkers and mighty distinctions in thought; but were never intended to harbor all the petty dilettanti of theology, and all the insignificant and pestilential issues and guesses they might invent. Cab parties, created by infinitesimal trituration of doctrine, our grand old Puritanism was never meant to foster.

At last, one most needful word, long waited for, has been said—the *Independent* has said it, and in a straightforward way: "It is absurd, if not impertinent, for the Andover teachers, uninvited, to attempt to force their 'new views' and 'mere speculations' upon anybody outside the lecture-room; and they should not teach them even in the lecture-room, without the direct authority and sanction of those by whom they are employed. They have no business whatever, uninvited, to force their 'views' or 'speculations' upon any public or private body of Christians assembled for any other purpose than to listen to the Andover teachings. The threat to knock at the yearly meetings of the A. B. C. F. M. (see speech of Newman Smyth), and demand a hearing, until their 'views,' etc., are adopted, is a monstrous perversion of Christian liberty, even in this free country, that would not for an instant be tolerated in any secular gathering anywhere, from the heights of the Senate Chamber in Washington down to the depths of a political pow-wow in New York. If the 'Andover speculators' want to teach their 'views' and 'mere speculations' in Iowa, New York, or Massachusetts, let them hire a hall, or build a new theological seminary, for this special purpose." Even if it is the function of Congregationalism to try every sort of unevangelical experiment abroad, as well as at home, when did it become Congregational to force the American Board—a voluntary association of persons within the body, but not coextensive or identical with it—to turn its voluntary collections of funds and agencies into the trying of novel experiments of such a sort? Of course, these people will not listen to these just and eminently republican sentiments of the *Independent* any more than the Unitarians would to similar ones when they were robbing us of Harvard College and of Massachusetts churches. But, at the meeting next October at Springfield, let them be remembered when these people attempt to capture the platform of the Board again to air their "views," and attack the Board. It was said at Des Moines by the President of the Board, "Most of what has been said has not been in accordance with the constitution of this Board and the purpose of it." And he intimated that, but for "the circumstances," he should have exercised "whatever authority he might have in precluding any such discussion." There will be no "circumstances" again which will excuse the presiding officer from exercising this authority. Only one of the speakers in opposition last year is a corporate member of the Board, and it was he who first mentioned a theological dispute, in which he figures. Dr. Hopkins would have been justified in arresting a theological discussion at that point, when Professor Smyth began it. The farce of forcing such a discussion on the Board, under cover of the principle that "the Board is not a theological council to settle theological questions," is too broad a farce to be repeated in the annual meeting of that body.

OCCEIDENTALIS.

A gigantic petition signed by seafaring men has been sent to Queen Victoria praying that her jubilee year may be signalized by creating harbors of refuge for their safety in times of storm and danger. The *Christian* urges that she cause fifty such harbors to be opened.

Lancaster County, Pa., is the banner county of the country in the value of its agricultural products, which are placed at \$5,800,000. Monroe County, N. Y., is second, and the products of 33 others exceed \$4,000,000 each.

A TOUR IN CHINA—XVII.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

Another Sabbath day, and still further from home! I awake with a slight indication of a cold, and determine if possible to counteract it by a dose of medicine and in resting the entire day; and yet it is a market day here, and we might sell a large number of books. Why not sell books and rest on some other day? We may never have another opportunity of meeting the people here. Two hours of such work will only exercise our bodies sufficiently to make us enjoy the day of rest. Why not regard the selling of books as a religious act? Is it not preaching the gospel? Yes, and perhaps better than we can do it by word of mouth. Shall we be breaking the Sabbath if we thus disseminate the truth? Do not many missionaries sell books on the Sabbath—many English and German missionaries, and even some American missionaries? Yes, do not many of them travel by boat on the Sabbath day, and think that they are keeping God's day of rest? What harm will there be in two hours of selling books since the opportunity is so timely? But you say it is buying and selling on the Sabbath? Yes, but do not some of our Christians and ministers at home also pay out money for carfare on the Sabbath, and is it any worse to receive money from people who do not distinguish between the different days than to pay money to the car-driver. These are some of the questions and thoughts which pass through our minds as we think what we shall do to-day. Yet only one or two have any weight with us, and they are these: Could we not do more good by selling books than by preaching? and the probability of never being here again on such a day. These two questions are not so easily answered, and if these alone were considered, we certainly should be justified in spending a part of the day in selling books. Our colporteurs too would only be too glad to sell, and if the word came from me, "Sell," they would quickly seize the opportunity to increase their monthly sales. At this time, as so often before, my thoughts recur to the question asked me by Dr. Farnham at my ordination. "How do you regard the Sabbath day?" I thought then that it was an inconsistent question to ask, but now I know the meaning of it as never before, and I have no doubt that he asked it with some of these thoughts in mind. How, then, is the Sabbath regarded in the Orient by the ministry itself. Very far from what is considered proper at home. Some of the Germans believe in observing the day, and yet in many things they exceed what we regard as proper. Some again hold to the idea that every day is alike; and the ordinary duties of the day may be done on the Sabbath if the mind is lifted above these things. Some spiritual-minded persons hold to this latter view. Many other missionaries, especially among the English ministry, are lax in their Sabbath observances, and hence the question arises in the mind of every new missionary as to what course he will pursue, and it is by no means always easy to decide. An iron rule cannot be made and every case judged by it. Certain it is, however, that there is too little respect for the day among the Chinese Christians, and the fault partially lies in the way they have been instructed and the example which has been set before them. Thus, it is not an infrequent thing that, after the morning service on the Sabbath, the Chinese work in their fields in the afternoon, or engage in some other business. This, though not defended by missionaries, is still allowed on the ground that it is a better way of spending the day than the Chinese usually spend it—in idle jesting and frivolous and vile talking, for none of them read very much. But is there not, some time, a change to take place? Must it always be so? It is the Chinaman's own future good which determines us, in this instance, not to sell books, and spend it as a rest day. The example, no doubt, is good for the Chinese. When they see ministers or Christians not strictly regarding the day of rest, they are apt to go one step further, and regard it very loosely, or else not at all. And so, all day long we do not sell any of our books, though many come to buy. When our colporteurs are asked to sell to them, they answer: "To-day is the day of rest, and we do not sell; to-morrow morning we will sell to you." A few say that to-morrow they will not be here, at which they are invited to seat themselves and read the books at the inn. But how do we spend the day? In resting, although we have two services among ourselves and one preaching service on the street. At the latter, we speak more than hour, and only talk very simply to the listeners. How dull their minds are! How dark and utterly ignorant they are of the plainest truths! I exert all my powers to speak as simply as possible, but I find that what I say is still too deep for them to understand. One of my helpers fol-

lows me, and speaks in very simple language, yet they often interrupt him with foolish questions, and he repeats several times some of the main points of his discourse. At last, they gain an indefinite idea of our God, and are told that they must not worship idols. They neither give their assent nor their disapproval at what is said, yet I fear, as is so often the case when they hear some slighting remarks about this doctrine, that they will regard it as a deception and us as the deceivers. Before leaving Tsing Ping, we hear one of the long legends that the Chinese have, and, in order to represent its mythical character to you, I will here relate it.

Some thirty or forty years ago there was a great flood which not only rose over the hills, but the water rose even higher than the roofs of the houses. The people, in their fright to get away from the rising waters, betook themselves to the roofs of their houses, and when all hope of being even rescued there had vanished, a huge ship built of stone (?) appeared in sight, and many of the people hastened on its deck and were carried to a high mountain, where, after landing its cargo of human lives, it disappeared as suddenly as it came. It is needless to add that the belief of the Chinese in all sorts of ghosts and apparitions could easily conjure up such a story.

This Sabbath is one of the days on which the Chinese worship, since it is the first day of the third month. The 1st and the 15th of the month are the times appointed in the Chinese calendar when men ought to worship. In some sense it is a high day, because the Chinese are buying pork and other food to offer to their ancestors at the graves on the morrow, for then they will celebrate their Tsing Ming feast.

GULELESSNESS.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

What more lovely eulogy can there be than of one "in whom" it is declared, "There is no guile"? It does not, indeed, proclaim him endowed with great forces of intellectual strength, difficult for another to match. It does not testify to his accomplishment of heroic deeds possible only to victorious courage. It does not set him up as a founder of institutions training men for the noblest issues of their day. It does not put into his hand any trophies of achieving or enduring such as only an exalted ambition could aspire to possess and display.

It is a gentle and gracious trait, possible to the lowliest spirit, and yet challenging the bravest and strongest in the fellowships of humanity.

Have we this perfect homage of Truth in all the sensibilities of our heart, and all the demonstration of our life? Is this Virtue, in our appreciation of it, something so pure, so sacred, and so imperial, that we cannot consent, at any price, to cloud and obscure it in all our going out and coming in?

What is our feeling toward one whom we meet in daily intercourse, and with whom we exchange the ordinary friendly greetings of the day? Does he stand high in our estimate of what is true and right and lovely in character, and does he know what his inheritance is with us in this respect, or is he made aware, by our words and aspect and manner, that such a position is not his with us when we come face to face with him? Can we be true and honest in our exercise of distrust or distaste, and yet cordial enough to express friendship, without violating our sense of Truth?

Can we listen to the expression of an opinion or sentiment by one of our mates, with whose view we cannot accord, as worthy our faith and sympathy, and yet show him—with our disagreement—an affectionate appreciation of his open-hearted plea, and hold fast the bond between us?

Can we enter into distinct and definite scenes of social life under sunshine or evening illumination, where we are not at home with the leading systems of belief, or ruling type of manners, and yet carry with us an atmosphere of comfort for our mates, mantling their faces with light rather than cloud?

Can we so blend the exercise of Truth and Love in all our greetings and fellowships that, whether we meet and dwell in domestic or social alliance, we can speak out and act out the frank, full, free convictions and emotions of our souls, and yet suffer no stroke of disunion and exile to put us hopelessly asunder?

Let us study this problem diligently and carefully—how, in every bond of union and communion, we can honor the standard of unswerving honesty, and yet keep full and flowing the fountain of unchanging and beneficent affection.

The missionaries in Calcutta, have adopted the plan suggested by the agent of the Methodist Publishing House, of distributing illustrated Christian leaflets weekly among the 20,000 students in the non-Christian colleges and schools.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace Goodhue, Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1720 Geary Street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The quarterly meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch of the W. B. P. will be held in the parlors of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco, on Saturday afternoon of this week, February 19th, at 2:30 o'clock.

OUR FEBRUARY MEETING.

It had been announced that Dr. J. D. Davis was to speak; so a larger audience than usual assembled, over one hundred ladies being present. Another unusual fact should be recorded—two gentlemen were present beside Dr. Davis—Dr. Warren and Dr. McLean. Miss Fay presided, calling upon these gentlemen to conduct the opening exercises.

It was a rare privilege to have an address from so earnest and warm-hearted a worker and so eloquent a speaker as Dr. Davis. This is the Dr. Davis who is well known among lovers of missions, on account of his fifteen years of missionary work in Japan; who began to teach young men Christianity in the years when it was a crime for them to study; who is now connected with the school for young men in Kyoto, the *Doshishas*, where, among the three hundred students, a great work is being done for Japan. We wish all of our readers might have been present to feel the speaker's enthusiasm, and to unite with us in prayers for this waiting nation. As this enjoyment was permitted to so few of us, we give an outline of Dr. Davis' remarks, and only wish we could convey with them some idea of the sympathy and interest which we all felt in hearing the address.

DR. DAVIS' ADDRESS.

Upon my return to this country, when asked what gave me the most courage in my work, my mind turned at once to the enthusiasm and consecration of the ladies' and children's bands. After the months which have elapsed, I see no reason to change my opinion; it is not simply that through these agencies the American Board received one-half of its income last year. I don't know, good brothers, what we are coming to. We shall have to form men's societies. The Board would have been thousands of dollars in arrears without the aid of the ladies and children. In the children is our greatest hope. We want to have the next generation a missionary generation. I shall speak first of the condition of women in Japan, and can give no rose-colored views after my fifteen years' residence in that country. No comparison can be made between the condition of women in Japan and in America. Before the missionaries went to Japan the girls were without education; very rarely a girl of the Samurai class was taught to read. A beautiful girl sixteen years old, daughter of a head man of the village, could not read or write even the simplest Japanese character when brought into the mission school; in three months she had learned to write in English, very neatly. Now, common schools for both girls and boys are being established throughout the Empire. When in their teens these girls are betrothed or sold. Filial piety is exalted to such a degree by their religion that they often feel it their duty to sacrifice themselves to help their family. After marriage, while there are some happy homes in Japan, there are many unhappy ones, partly because the most interested parties often do not meet till the wedding-day. The system of concubinage prevails wherever it can be afforded, from the Mikado down. Among other things insisted upon by their religion—no wife must have the least feeling of jealousy, must never be untrue. These wives are taught that the sins of three thousand of the worst men that ever lived do not equal the sins of one woman. Their fondest hope is that they are very good in this present life; some time in the hereafter they may be born again as men; so, they try to be as faithful and devout as possible. A great temple is now being built in Japan which is two hundred feet long by one hundred feet broad and one hundred feet high. It is made of the most expensive wood. All of the timbers are hauled and put in place by ropes made from the hair of some of these devoted women. I myself saw tons of this hair cast aside which

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could not be used. There is no parallel between these Japanese women and women in America. They are separated by the whole diameter of being. Still, the Japanese women are very much better off than women in any other country. As to the opportunities for lifting up the eighteen million women of Japan, they are almost boundless. The moral advance made in Japan during the last few years is wonderful. They have been determined to compel the respect of Western nations. A most powerful appeal has come from Professor Toyama for missionaries from the West, especially for lady missionaries. While I would not wish to diminish interest in any other mission field, I wish there were one hundred devoted women ready to go to Japan. House-to-house visitation has been a great success! From one end of the country to the other lady missionaries may go, and welcome, and they do go—Miss Talcott, Miss Dudley, and others. Miss Dudley was seven weeks touring alone in the heart of the country. These ladies leave all their home comforts. They are besieged by eager seekers after truth wherever they go. They come before breakfast and late at night. Japanese men come as well as the women, for they have learned that a lady from America is the equal of any man. Often these ladies address mixed audiences of two and three hundred people. If they had done nothing else but to show that a woman can equal a man, it would have been a great deal! The only limit to this work is time and strength. Multiply this work one hundredfold—put one hundred more lady missionaries in the field—and it would be five years then before every Japanese woman would hear the story she is longing and waiting to hear—the story of Jesus, of his life and death. A training school for nurses has just been established. The Japanese know nothing about the care of the sick. One cold winter the measles swept off hundreds of them because they went upon the streets when all covered with the eruption. Help is greatly needed in this training-school. In the school at Kioto over three hundred young men are gathered. You have read of the school at Sendai, of the wonderful call given the missionaries to come there. The Japanese raised \$5,000, agreed to pay all the expenses of the school, except the salaries of the missionaries. One hundred and twenty boys were present the first day. Similar calls are coming from Fukui, from Kumamoto, and other places. Had we the men six schools could be opened at once for boys and young men. There are good schools, too, for the girls in Kobe, Osaka and Kioto. There is also a school for Bible women in Kobe, where thirty women gather for five months in the year. From these schools go out girls whose influence is already felt. If each one is but the inspiration of a Christian home, the good thus accomplished is incalculable. I used to say the same to my dear wife. She would sometimes get discouraged, and say "she did nothing." My answer always was, "You do more than I do." The first year we spent in our home in Kioto over two thousand Japanese visited us. They wanted to see what the foreigners' home was like—how we lived. The labor of entertaining all these people naturally came upon my wife. We felt the need of making their visits pleasant, so they would want to come again, and it was no slight task to accomplish it. But the value of a Christian home in the midst of heathendom—who can estimate it? If only all these agencies could be increased! If these Christian homes and these Christian schools could be multiplied a hundredfold! There is no limit to the work that can be done, as far as Japan is concerned. Here are thirty-seven millions of people calling for help. The strongest appeals came from the very leaders of the nation.

The meeting adjourned after prayer by Dr. Warren.

Dr. Davis sailed on the steamer of February 12th (the *City of Sydney*) for Japan. A good many friends were at the steamer to bid him "goodspeed."

A. D. J.

SUNDAY LAW MEETING.

The friends of the Sabbath in Oakland have arranged for a public meeting in behalf of the proposed Sunday Law. A bill is now before the Legislature. It is believed to be better than the law repealed two years ago. The Christian public should let the legislators know that we must have a Sabbath day and that we must have a legal recognition of it. The meeting in Oakland, we hope, will do much in favor of the right. It will be held in Hamilton Hall next Friday evening. Able speakers are engaged.

The Greek Church continues its persecution of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces of Russia, closing their schools, and compelling parents to send their children to the "orthodox" schools.

A CHURCH DEDICATION SERMON.

[Preached at Pendleton, Or., and Pullman, W. T., by Rev. N. F. Cobleigh, General Missionary of the A. H. M. S. for Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington, and published by request.]

II Chronicles, vi: 41: "Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness."

The words are uttered near the close of the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple at Jerusalem. The tabernacle had been their only temple, which they had used in the wilderness, and for the hundreds of years that had passed since they had entered the promised land; but now their long-desired temple is completed, and with joyful hearts Israel gathers at the dedication. What prayers and sacrifices had been made we know not, but the work is completed. Two hundred millions had been expended upon it. Architecturally, it was a gem of beauty, while gold covered or composed its interior and many of its articles of furniture. It was situated on Mount Moriah, where the threshing-floor of Araunah stood, which David purchased, and upon which he built an altar on the very spot occupied ever after by the altar of the temple. Says one writer: "There is, perhaps, no building of the ancient world which has excited so much attention, since the time of its destruction, as the temple which Solomon built at Jerusalem, and its successor as rebuilt by Herod. Its spoils were considered worthy of forming the principal illustration of one of the most beautiful of Roman triumphal arches, and Justinian's highest architectural ambition was that he might surpass it. Throughout the Middle Ages it influenced, to a considerable degree, the forms of Christian churches. But it is not only to Christians that the temple of Solomon is so interesting; the whole Mohammedan world look to it as the foundation of all architectural knowledge, and the Jews still recall its glories, and sigh over their loss with a constant tenacity, unmatched by that of any other people to any other building of the ancient world." Israel had three temples. After Solomon's temple was destroyed, Zerubbabel's temple was built on the return of Israel from exile. Twenty years before the Christian era Herod commenced the rebuilding of the temple, of which the Jews said, "Forty and six years was this temple in building." Herod wanted to gain the good will of the Jews, and tried to have it seen in building the temple that he was rebuilding the old temple, and, no doubt, succeeded in part, though many new ideas were introduced. One author, speaking of the temple, says: "Whatever the exact appearance of its details may have been, it may safely be asserted that the triple temple of Jerusalem—the lower court standing on its magnificent terraces; the inner court raised on its platform in the center of this, and the temple itself rising out of this group and crowning the whole—must have formed, when combined with the beauty of its situation, one of the most splendid architectural combinations of the ancient world."

JEWISH TEMPLES.

Says one writer: "For our knowledge of the last and greatest of the Jewish temples, we are indebted almost wholly to the works of Josephus." The temple, or naos, itself was in dimensions and arrangement very similar to that of Solomon, or, rather, that of Zerubbabel (more like the latter); but this was surrounded by an inner enclosure of great strength and magnificence, measuring, as nearly as can be made out, two hundred and seventy feet by four hundred and eighty feet, adorned by porches and ten gateways of great magnificence; and beyond this was an outer enclosure measuring six hundred feet each way, which was adorned with porticos of greater splendor than any that we know of attached to any temple of the ancient world. According to the measurements of Hecateus, the whole area of Herod's temple was over four times greater than that which preceded it.

Another author says, in speaking of the veneration of the Jews for their temple: "Dr. Harwood has collected some interesting particulars from Philo, Josephus and the writings of Luke. Their reverence for the sacred edifice was such that, rather than witness its defilement, they would cheerfully submit to death. The least injurious slight of it, real or imagined, instantly awakened all the cholera of a Jew, and an affront never to be forgiven." But the Jewish and Christian world are not alone in their love of temples; paganism abounds in edifices of great magnificence, and has from remote ages. The finest mosques are those at Mecca, the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, where the temple formerly stood, and the most gorgeous is the great mosque at Delhi. The first mosque ever built was at Medina, by Mohammed, and in this he was buried.

Since the Turks gained possession of Constantinople, the mosque Santa Sophia has been the prevailing pattern, which is built in the form of a cross—nearly. It is said, such was the splendor of the new church of St. Sophia that Justinian, the emperor, exclaimed: "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!" It was built in the year 325 A. D. by Constantine, rebuilt by Justinian, changed into a mosque by Mohammed II in 1453. Throughout it is lined with colored marble, 269 feet in length and 143 in width. The arches and ceiling are inlaid with mosaic work and gilt. The

gallery is sustained by sixty-seven columns, some of which are of green Jasper, which were taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was a marvel of beauty, 425 feet long and 220 feet broad, with its 127 columns, each 60 feet high. In this temple, Ionic architecture was perfected.

The Parthenon at Athens reveals all the glories of Doric architecture, and shows how lavishly heathenism could bestow its treasures. Says Dr. Lord: "This unrivaled temple was not so large as some of the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, but it covered twelve times the ground of the Temple of Solomon, and from the summit of the Acropolis, it shone as a wonder and a glory. The marbles have crumbled and its ornaments have been removed, but it has formed the model of the most beautiful buildings in the world, from the Quirinal at Rome to the Madeleine at Paris; stimulating alike the genius of Michael Angelo and Christopher Wren, immortal in the ideas it has perpetuated, and immeasurable in the influence it has exerted." Our heathen ancestors in Britain had immense temples, in which they performed their cruel rites and ceremonies.

In all ages men have had some places which were devoted to the worship of some Supreme Being. Though heathenism has had a multitude of gods, still it has believed in one who was superior to all the rest. Polytheism as such did not grow out of the blind struggling of man to find God. Paul tells us how it sprang up: "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like to corruptible man and to four-footed beasts and creeping things." Within the heart of man God has planted a desire to worship. Few are so hardened as to lose all faith in a Supreme Being; and amid all the darkness of paganism, temples, some of them of matchless beauty, the fruits of sacrifice and toil, stand amid the palaces of the great and the lowly dwellings of the poor, a constant witness to the fact that man in his heart of hearts believes in God. The wealth lavished upon these temples is a constant recognition, on man's part, that God deserves our costly offerings; and the beauty in architectural designs and the skill of the most renowned sculptors and greatest painters, such as Michael Angelo, Apelles, Phidias, and others, to beautify and furnish what was already a marvel of beauty, shows what kind of a gift the ages have thought man owes to God, and shows unmistakably that amid all the degradation which sin has occasioned some regal qualities of heart have survived the fall, and that humanity believes and knows there is a God. From Oriental lands, Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Britain, India, from continents and islands, from oracles and altars, yes, from remote ages, comes the belief which is written on the heart of man; which the cold marble fashioned into temples and forms of beauty perpetuate, which cannot be eradicated, which infidelity, under the lead of genius, accompanied by sophistry, eloquence and satire, cannot remove. But should humanity forget God, and temples crumble and Christian literature be burned, the winds and waves, the ebbing and flowing tides, the stars with silver notes, the sun with light and heat, lifting, too, the waters of the equator and bearing them to the tropics to descend in mists and rain to make fruitful the earth and keep the rivers musical as they murmur toward the sea, the rich treasures in mines of gold and silver and the various precious ores, and the voice of God in man—the conscience silenced would awake, and amid the general desolation proclaim there is a God who demands your worship and your service, while the Spirit, brooding over the desolations wrought by sin, would recall the mind to its thoughts of God. Learned treatises are not needed to prove there is a God, for the ages have recognized his existence, and multitudes have known and walked with God.

COSTLY CHURCHES.

The question naturally arises, when church buildings are erected, is it right to build costly churches? I apprehend that the question of cost must be decided mainly by the following considerations: (1) The financial condition of the people; (2) the tastes and preferences of the majority; (3) the future as well as present needs; (4) the size and needs of the community. That there is nothing wrong in itself in building beautiful churches is evident, for God gave David the pattern of the temple and minute directions in regard to the furniture, which was all on a scale of almost unparalleled magnificence. The argument is sometimes brought forward that costly churches will repel the poor, but I do not believe that it is the beauty of the church that repels so much as the finery and display and aristocratic reserve of the occupants, bringing the frigid zone into the tropical region. The poor need a good church to go to more than the rich, for in most things they cannot gratify their tastes, and many of them admire pleasant and attractive things as much as the rich do, and some of them more than the average rich man. The poor cannot gratify their tastes, but they ought to have the privilege of doing so one day in seven. The house of God should be an attractive place, and it may be, with a good architectural design, in any community, for it is not always the most costly church that is most pleasant and best adapted for worship. The grand thought should be how to make a church

best adapted for public worship. The question should not be, how can we excel other denominations and have the steeple a few feet taller than any other in town, but what ought we to have? What does God require? What Satan wants is to make sinful places attractive, and churches cold and forbidding. There was a time, as in the days of the Reformation, when plain churches were needed, and the various adornments of churches with which were associated superstitious notions and false doctrines needed to be discarded, but that day has passed. He who made the flowers and clothed them with ten thousand forms of beauty; who made the hills and plains and trees of every kind and hue, and scattered variety and beauty everywhere, and tinged the clouds with golden hues; who made Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades and the windows of the South, and gave us rhetorical pictures in his Word surpassing human art—think you he is displeased with temples which can only approximate nature but never equal it? But beauty should be the servant of God, and care should be taken so that it will not turn our thoughts away from God, but rather toward him.

MUSIC.

The question of music is often discussed, and justly, for it has much to do with worship, and is a part of it, helping to place the Christian in a devout frame of mind, and soothing the heart, lifting the thoughts off from perplexing cares, touched by divine melody. The plausible theories by which churches have been deprived of instruments of music will some day scarcely be believed. The day is coming when the best music will be heard in churches and the best instruments of music employed. In this regard we are behind the days of David and Solomon—yes, behind pagan Nebuchadnezzar in his great meeting on the plains of Dura in the province of Babylon. The time is coming when the sweetest songs and most skillful, as well as the most soul-stirring, music will be heard in all our churches, and quick and lively tunes will not be dragged to death in any assembly of God's saints, when the temptation to go to doubtful places to hear enchanting music will be removed. A large, well-trained choir to lead the congregation is the great demand, with the understanding that an occasional anthem or hymn can be sung by the choir only. Ringing down the ages are the words of David, "Sing unto the Lord with a harp; with a harp and the voice of a psalm, with trumpet and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord the King." Many instruments of music David invented himself. Some object to having inanimate things praise God, but in his Word he calls upon inanimate nature, as well as everything that hath breath, to praise the Lord. The house of God is the natural and fitting place where we should worship God with our gifts. Mary worshiped the Master when she poured the costly offering upon his head. The worshiper who is unwilling to make some sacrifice for his Lord is no worshiper. He lacks the first elements of worship. We ought to have the feeling David had when he said: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all, and in thine hand is power and might. And in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee and praise thy glorious name. But whom am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort, for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee? O Lord, our God, all this store that we have prepared to build thee an house for thine holy name cometh of thine hand and is all thine own. As for me, in the uprightness of mine heart, I have willingly offered all these things, and now I have seen with joy thy people, which are present here to offer, willingly, unto thee." In days of old, Israel brought their gifts to the Temple; there the rich and the poor brought their gifts. Christ sits over against the treasury, as he did eighteen hundred years ago. While collections are taken for various objects, still, in a certain and very important sense, the offering is to God. The Queen of Sheba brought her rich offerings to King Solomon, and subjects were accustomed to approach their king with presents; so should we approach our King, the Lord of hosts. A desire to have gifts and give no return springs from a spirit of selfishness, hostile to the spirit of Christianity. Giving enlarges the soul. A royal nature can never be built up until penuriousness is eradicated. Many are the pleas against these offerings in the house of God, but none of them are valid. I knew a church that feared that the contribution-box would drive people away from church, and for a long time they would not use it; but that church tried it, assuming self-support soon after, having a large attendance, and now you could not induce them to go back to the old ways.

PREACH THE GOSPEL.

The house of God is the place where the gospel is to be preached, not fine-spun theories or ideas about the gospel, but the gospel and doctrines of God's Word; not the skeleton of truth, but the meat of the Word as well. The great thought should be Christ, and around this name the other truths should gather. The world is hungering for the gospel, for God's thoughts, and not man's disordered imaginations. There is no substitute for the "old, old story." The Bible is a rich and inexhaustible treasure, and to illustrate its truths illustrations may come from history, biography, classic lore, science, nature and the experiences of life, but it is the great business of the preacher to unfold Bible truth. The truth is what this world needs, not apologies for truth, not elaborate attempts 'to vindicate the ways of God with men.' Sinai and Calvary each should be pictured, justice and love, the welcome and the unwelcome truths. If any new light breaks forth from the Word of God, it should be welcomed; but errors of the Dark Ages, dressed in the garments of the nineteenth century, are not to be named "new light," or "new departures."

Nothing has been more abused and misunderstood than the Bible. It has suffered from misrepresentation, from the attacks of the enemy and from its friends. Attempts have been made to interpret it so as to support all kinds of theories. It has been attacked under various names, such as orthodoxy, old notions and creeds, men claiming to believe the Bible; and yet, under another name, they were attacking the Bible itself; but the Word of God has survived, and just rules of criticism and interpretation of its truths were never better understood than at the present time.

As food nourishes the body, and not theories about food, so does the Word of God nourish the soul, and not theories about it. Variety of food is needed to give strength and meet the wants of man; so, in the Word of God is provided a great variety, and from this treasure-house the skillful preacher will bring food from every avenue.

All classes are to be fed, not a few dyspeptics who cannot, or who think they cannot, digest solid food, but the young and the old, the gifted and those less fortunate in endowments, the thoughtful and the emotional, the hungry and those who need to have an appetite created, the sorrowing and the disappointed, the prejudiced and the devout, and each should have his portion in due season. In the house of God all class distinctions should be laid aside, as far as favoring one more than another is concerned, and no desire to receive praise from the rich or distinguished should influence the servant of God. The church should be the place where sorrowing hearts find comfort, from the very atmosphere and enlarged sympathy which emanates from Christian hearts and from the Lord of hosts. Here burdens should grow lighter and perplexities vanish like the mists. Here instruction and exhortation are to have their due proportion, and the heart and intellect to be fed. Here great principles are to be discussed without fear or expectation of favor, with no thought of how it will affect the salary, for a free pulpit is a pulpit of power. The prophets who had no fear of man were a power in their generation, and their influence is undying; so will it be with the heralds of the cross to-day. They are God's ambassadors to carry out his instructions and to voice his thoughts. Personalities are to be avoided, while principles are to be discussed candidly and fearlessly. Eloquence is needed in the house of God, but not that kind whose object and aim is to appear well and bring down the plaudits of the multitude, but that which arouses in other hearts the feelings of the preacher, and leads individuals to forsake sin and lead pure and upright lives; and there needs to be eloquence in the pews—eloquent listeners, not moral icebergs. "We need a man in the pulpit," said one in a certain city to a minister. In reply, he said: "What we need is a man in the pews."

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE WORSHIP.

But, one important act in the house of God has been too much ignored in the present generation, and that is worship. Churches have almost died nursing the idea that great preachers and eloquent preaching was the great need, and by it the Church could be built up. The spirit of true worship will draw more to the house of God than the eloquent preacher, and will draw the sinner from the paths of worldliness into those of holiness. Here, in these sacred walls, God is to be adored—not the sermon, not the preacher, not the choir, but the Lord of hosts. Here the finite touches the heart of the infinite.

"There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place that all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat."

A church that worships God, and him alone, will be a prosperous and useful church. Here the desire should be strong that souls may be saved. No house of worship is ever dedicated until some wanderers there have found Christ—until prevailing prayer has ascended to the throne. For the salvation of souls the pastor should preach and every Christian labor. Here idle, frivolous criticism should be forgotten in the deeper desire for salvation.

"Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound."

To foster this desire, deep, earnest prayer in secret should ascend from every heart; then will the public services bear witness to the communion of Christians with God during the week. The greatest attraction in the sanctuary is God's spirit shining through the hearts of believers. Although the heaven of heavens cannot contain God, still his house is the place where he especially loves to meet his children. To this temple we should love to go to meet our God. Fitting was it for Israel's greatest monarch, at the dedication of the temple, to

say, "Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness!"

A RESTING-PLACE FOR THE MOST HIGH.

At the dedication of this church, which God has enabled you to build in answer to prayer, followed by earnest and continued labor, I trust that we all can heartily adopt the language of this text. May it be truly the dwelling-place of the Most High! The heart and the intellect are here both to be fed. There was a time when some churches fed the intellect from cold altitudes, while others ignored the intellect, and fed the emotional nature; but to-day the idea is gaining ground that the intellect and heart both need food, and each individual needs his portion, and all classes should be fed. Blessed are those preachers who understand how to reach all classes!

How expressive are the words, "Arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou and the ark of thy strength!" God's presence is worth more than all human aids. It is the great need in our churches. It draws people to the house of God, and converts them. "Let thy priests be clothed with salvation." The herald of the cross needs to be permeated with the spirit of his Master. This is more than eloquence, or, rather, is the highest form of eloquence. A thoroughly consecrated pulpit will not lack for hearers. Men are hungering for the bread of life. Filled with the thought of Christ, and him crucified, the preacher becomes a living power.

Three conditions are indispensable: God filling his temple. God filling his servants. God in the hearts of his people. "Let thy saints rejoice in goodness," or in the good. In right things, and not in doubtful pleasures, should Christians rejoice. What pleasures there are here upon the shores of time, as well as at God's right hand! What an attractive place the house of God becomes when God is there, when his servant is filled with God, and when his children are in the same condition—their hearts rejoicing in goodness! Here may the preacher of the gospel be clothed with salvation! Here may the joy of the Lord fill every heart! Not in formal language, but from the depths of our hearts would we say: "Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness."

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—Bowie.

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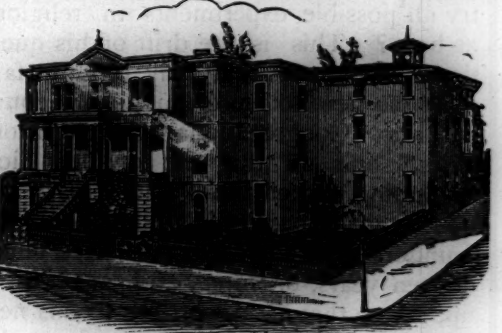
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Home Circle.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on.
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overtops them; waked hearts that
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting concord, hand in hand.
—Bryant.

A PERSIAN CALL.

When you want to pay a call, those of you who live in the city put on hat and coat, run downstairs, and either take a street-car, or walk on nice, even pavements to your friend's house. There are no sidewalks in Teheran, and in winter the streets are very muddy, so we couldn't at all take the home way of paying calls. After hats and coats had been put on we went down the high, mud-walled courtyard, and out through the big wooden gate set like a door in the street-wall. Outside the gate stood three, small, white donkeys, with Persian saddles on their backs. A Persian saddle has no pomels; it is really a large, stiff sort of cushion, fastened with a girth, and furnished with stirrups on each side. The Persian ladies ride astride, so that it is not hard for them to stay on their donkeys' backs; but you may fancy how hard it would be to sit sideways on a saddle without a pommel! However, as two of us were not unused to riding on Persian saddles, and the third was very anxious to try the experiment, a merry trio were soon riding, caravan-fashion, through the streets of Teheran. The little donkeys, however, preserved the utmost gravity, and carried us with the greatest propriety to the gate of the house at which we were to pay our call. As we went through the gate the family, with the master of the house at its head, came to meet us and bid us welcome. For my special benefit the lady of the house uttered some little sentences in English. This salutation in the mother-tongue quite shut me out of using some carefully prepared Armenian sentences with which I had intended to surprise and delight my hostess.

We were taken into a room where a wood fire was burning, and where the young girl, whom we had come especially to see, was reclining on a sort of mattress, which extended on one side of the room from end to end. This young girl is a scholar in the girls' school in Teheran, but has been at home some time, suffering from rheumatism. She is a lovely Christian girl, and bears all her pain very patiently. We sat on chairs, while the lady of the house, her sister-in-law, her little daughter, and two friends, all knelt or sat opposite to us on the mattress, which, I think, ought to be more properly called a *doshak*.

Our hostess took a little pitcher, as soon as we were seated, and filled it from a great china bowl of rose-water, which was standing in a recess, and poured some on our hands and on our hair. In a few minutes tea, very sweet and strong, was served in little glass cups without handles, but standing upon saucers. After we had talked about ten minutes more tea was brought in—this time so hot that I had to carry both saucer and cup to my mouth. Directly after the tea had been enjoyed, a large tray, filled with oranges, apples, pomegranates, and candy of different sorts, was brought in and put on the floor at our feet. The pomegranates had been taken out of their husks, and the seeds lay piled on a plate, enveloped in their juicy coverings, and glowing like a mass of rubies. Four little spoons were on the plate which was handed to us. We each took a spoonful of the pomegranate, and handed the dish to the next one, who did the same. When every one had had some of the fruit the plate went around again, each of us still holding her spoon, and taking another spoonful of the pretty red things. After we had eaten all we wanted, our hostess, who was dressed in a way which would have interested you to see, rose up to remove the tray, saying as she did so, "Forgive me; the house is yours."

I had watched all this with the greatest interest, and had tried my best to eat and drink as my neighbors did. Now, the son of our hostess, a boy with a bright, intelligent face, entered, bringing a basin and ewer of water, and carrying a towel over his arm. He approached each one of us in turn, pouring water on our hands, and offering the towel upon which to dry them. It was all so unlike anything I had ever seen that I felt delighted. The unaffected kindness of every one in the house, their

generous hospitality and evident pleasure in entertaining us, made a deep impression on me. Some one looked at her watch, and to our surprise we found that it was five o'clock—time to mount our long-eared steeds and hurry home. A short prayer was made, by two of us, in Armenian, and then the whole family came to the outside gate "to see us off."

The house was on a very narrow, muddy street, and our three donkeys blocked up the way, and looked quite imposing. Once mounted, good-byes were said, and we were again in motion. We went home through the bazaar. I almost despair of giving you any idea of these strange places. To me they seemed more like a monstrous winding tunnel than anything else, with occasional round apertures in the roof to let in light and air. They are built apparently of brick, and from the outside look something like a succession of immense beehives. On both sides in the interior are stalls with receding shelves piled with everything imaginable. Fruits of all kinds were spread out temptingly; bread of all kinds and shapes, from the thin, sheet-like *sauvak* to the rounder, thicker *balet*. Wondrous cashmere shawls, beautiful rugs, delicate glassware, strings of pale yellow amber beads, stuffs of all kinds, were spread out on either side, dimly seen in the gathering twilight, the merchants sitting, white-turbaned and motionless as statues, in the midst of their wares. Here and there I saw a Mohammedan sitting on the ground, holding the Koran in his hands, giving powerful voice to the teachings of the "false prophet," often surrounded by a quietly attentive circle of listeners. Need I say that I silently prayed that these Persians might learn to know and love the true God, not as "Allah," but as the "God of the Bible"?

Although it was sunset when we came into the open air from the darkness of the bazaar, it seemed quite bright. We were not far from the school. Before us lay the range of the Shimiran, snowy white, save the topmost peaks, which stood against the blue sky flooded with the strong rose-light of sunset. Across the *maydon*, or square, through the arch of the gateway, up a quiet, dusty street, and our own gate was reached. Our call had been made, some little seed sown, and one more day's work was almost over. Pray for our girls' schools, for our mission, for Teheran, for Persia! God will hear you in our behalf, and send us his Holy Spirit as a sanctifier and guide. None but those who have lived in countries where no Christ is known, can imagine the sorrowful, intense need there is that he should be preached as the forgiver of sins and the burden-bearer to those who are so sinful, so oppressed, as their inhabitants are!—Annie G. Dale.

AN ATHENIAN WEDDING.

One Sunday evening, not long ago, we were privileged to attend a Greek wedding in a family of the middle class. The ceremony was to take place at 8 o'clock. Arriving at the house a little before the appointed hour, we were welcomed by the sisters of the bride, who escorted us at once into what was evidently the best room. The guests assembled rapidly. In the center of the room was a small table, upon which was soon placed a large salver, bearing a quantity of confetti of various colors and sizes, and two wreaths of artificial orange-blossoms tied together with long white satin ribbons. A thin quarto copy of the Gospels, with cover of heavy-embossed silver, also lay upon the table. There were, besides, two large bundles done up in white napkins, which excited our curiosity considerably. In the mean time, four priests had arrived, and taken their seats near the door. They were attired in their customary dress of long black gowns, with high black hats on their heads. Soon after the groom appeared. He was introduced to us, and then took his seat at the side of the room like any other guest. Next, we were astonished to behold the four priests arise, lay hold of the two bundles, and from them bring forth their outer garments, gorgeous trappings, in which they proceeded to invest themselves in most undignified haste before the assembled company. Just then the bride came in, quite informally, was introduced to us and spoke to other friends; and then she and the groom took their position in front of the sofa where we had been sitting. The four priests in their colored vestments, and one deacon in plain garb, stood around the little table.

The bride was attired in a silk dress of blue-gray and garnet, and wore a veil of tulle which reached the floor. The veil was embroidered with white silk to the depth of a quarter of a yard from the bottom, and was fastened by a wreath of artificial orange-blossoms. A spray of the same served as brooch, and others as ear-rings. She was petite and pretty—a brunette as a matter of course. The groom was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty years. As they took their places, each laid a gold ring upon the silver-covered book, and each received a prettily adorned, lighted wax candle, about three feet in length, which they held throughout the ceremony. The service began with chanting by the priests—one reading, the others making responses. The words were uttered rapidly, and were, in the main, unintelligible. Sometimes there was reading in ordinary voice, also. The first act of special interest was the taking of the book from the table and presenting it to the couple, touching first the forehead and lips of the groom, then of the bride.

This was done three times. Next came the putting on of the rings. The *koumbaros*, or "best man," who is an intimate friend or relative, now stepped forward, and, taking the rings, placed one on the little finger of the right hand of each, then changed them back and forth several times, finally leaving them in their original position. Both parties wore gloves, which were not removed during the ceremony; and immediately afterward the bride changed the ring from her fourth to her third finger, while the bridegroom transferred his to the other hand. The placing of the crowns upon their heads followed. This was first done by one of the priests. Then the *koumbaros* took his place behind the bride, and moved the crowns back and forth from one head to the other three times. The repetitions of these various forms are made in recognition of the Trinity. When the crowns were placed upon their heads, the guests took up some of the confetti from the salver, and pelted the bride couple on the head and shoulders, sometimes hitting other people, and making the air quite lively for a minute.

The next ceremony which I observed was the taking of a glass of wine, from which one of the priests first drank. He then held it to the lips of the groom, who took three sips, as did afterward the bride. There was a small loaf of bread upon the table. A part of it is sometimes put into the wine, but this we did not observe. Such is their mode of partaking of the sacrament. Lastly, one of the priests took the bride by the hand; her other hand was held by the groom, and he was followed by the *koumbaros*; and so they passed around the table three times, being all the time pelted with confetti by the guests. This part of the performance seemed ridiculous in the extreme. After a few closing words, the newly married couple took their seats upon the sofa, the priests proceeded to disrobe and do up their garments, and the service was over. Some of the guests went to the married pair and presented their congratulations. One or two only kissed her. Next came in two servants bearing salvers. On one of these were tumblers containing a chalky-looking liquid, which was made of almonds boiled with sugar, and was cool and agreeable to the palate. The other salver bore little frosted cakes, confetti and other kinds of candy, to which each one helped himself in proportion to his appetite. Strange to say, the bride pair were not the first to be served, as with us, but almost the last. We, being strangers, were given little lace bags full of confetti—an honor not shared by the others. After presenting our congratulations, we withdrew, having been much entertained, though by no means in favor of substituting the Greek form of marriage service for our own.

The lack of solemnity on the part of all concerned was very noticeable. Even the bride and groom did not preserve a dignified demeanor, nor did they manifest the least embarrassment. The bride frequently whispered to a lady, apparently her bridesmaid, who stood near, and held her bouquet of artificial flowers. Occasionally, the bride and groom exchanged smiling glances, as if in good-humored appreciation of the scene; while one of the priests evidently got off a little joke now and then. There is no formal pronouncing of man and wife. The interchange of rings is a part of the betrothal ceremony, while the crowning and the walk around the table are the essential points in the marriage service.—Annie S. Peck, in *Journal of Education*.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

The personal household of Queen Victoria is composed of over a thousand persons, costing yearly a sum of \$1,945,000. It consists of a lord steward, a lord chamberlain, a master of the horse, each a salary of \$10,000; a keeper of the privy purse at \$11,000, with three assistants at \$3,000 each; a treasurer, a controller, a vice-chamberlain, a controller of accounts, a master of the household, a master of the ceremonies, a master of the buckhounds, each at \$6,000 a year; a grand falconer at \$10,000; an usher of the robes at \$3,000; eight ladies of the bed-chamber at \$2,500 each; ten bedchamber women at \$1,500 each; ten maids of honor at \$1,500; fourteen equerries at \$3,500; eight pages of honor at \$750; eight lords in waiting at \$4,000; fourteen grooms in waiting at \$2,000; ten gentlemen ushers at \$400; ten sergeants-at-arms at a similar salary; a poet laureate (Lord Tennyson) at \$500 a year; a painter-in-ordinary, a marine painter, a sculptor-in-ordinary, a surveyor of pictures, at \$1,000; an examiner of plays at \$3,000; a principal *chef de cuisine* at \$4,000 a year; a principal cellar master at \$2,500; nine house-keepers, one hundred and thirty housemaids, and lastly an official rat-catcher at Windsor, at a salary of \$80, and another for Buckingham Palace at \$60.—Selected.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely.

Entire happiness does make one tremble. Only if we feel God in it, and stand but the more ready for his work, we may be safe.—Mrs. Whitney.

Household.

POACHED EGGS.—Break eggs into salted boiling water; cook one minute; turn over and boil half a minute; take out and drain; serve hot, with pepper and butter.

BAKED APPLES.—After digging the cores out of some apples, place them in a deep dish or tin; fill the cavities with sugar; pour a cup of hot water into the tin; bake in a quick oven.

POP CORN BALLS.—Boil molasses about half as long as for candy; pour over the corn; stir well; use only enough to make the corn hold together; take up in the hand, and squeeze lightly into balls.

JELLY CAKE.—Three cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, six well-beaten eggs, a few drops of flavoring; put three tablespoons into a cake-pan of ordinary size.

OATMEAL MUSH.—Stir a cup of oatmeal in a sufficient quantity of cold water; when well soaked, pour into boiling water; boil slowly half an hour; stir constantly. Thorough cooking improves it very much.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Two cups of hop yeast, three quarts of warm water, sufficient buckwheat flour to make a thin batter; stir; set in a warm place over night; in the morning add a little salt; bake over a quick fire.

VEAL PIE.—Line a deep tin pan with a good crust; put into it well-seasoned, parboiled veal; nearly fill the pan with water in which the veal was parboiled; sprinkle flour over it; add a piece of butter; cover with a tolerably thick crust.

GINGER SNAPS.—One teacup of molasses, one teacup of sugar, one teacup of lard or butter, one teacup of cold water, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of soda, two teacups of flour; roll thin; bake quickly.

BUNS.—Three cups of milk or water, one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, flour enough to make a stiff batter; let rise over night; in the morning add one cup of butter and one cup of raisins or currants; let rise again before making into cakes.

POTTED BEEF.—Put into a kettle eight or ten pounds of round of beef, having first put sticks in the bottom; fill up with water above the rim; boil constantly for three hours, or until tender; eat warm or cold; take off the drippings for a gravy; thicken with flour or farina.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with bread-crumbs; add a layer of pared and sliced potatoes; put in bits of butter with salt and pepper; fill the dish with alternate layers of these materials; wet the whole with sweet milk; bake an hour and a half.

GOOD COFFEE.—Put half the amount to be used into the coffee-pot; pour over it a gill or two of warm water; boil three or four minutes; add the remainder of the coffee; fill up with boiling water; place where it will keep hot without boiling until required for the table.

CODFISH BALLS.—To half a pound of freshened and chopped codfish add two quarts of boiled and mashed potatoes; two eggs and a spoonful of butter may be added also, before making into balls, but they are palatable without; fry in beef drippings or butter; cover to keep in the steam.

PUMPKIN OR SQUASH PIE.—To one cup of peeled and grated pumpkin or squash add one cup of milk and one beaten egg; sweeten and flavor to taste; bake with an under crust; beat the white of an egg until it is stiff; add three tablespoons of sugar; when the pie is done, spread over it; set back in the oven to brown.

BARRINGTON RUSK.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one cup of yeast, one cup of flour; mix over night; in the morning add one half-cup of sugar and one half-cup of butter rubbed together, and two eggs, reserving the white of one, beaten to a stiff froth, to which is added a little sugar, to spread over the tops when almost done.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—Pour sufficient hot water over one quart of dry bread to moisten it; let it stand two or three hours; add three well-beaten eggs, one cup of sugar and one cup of raisins; mix thoroughly; put all into a sack of white muslin, and tie securely; place in a pot with enough boiling water to half cover it; boil one and one-half hours; serve hot with dip made as follows: Three tablespoons of butter, one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of flour, one pint of boiling water, a few drops of lemon.

FRENCH OMELET.—Beat whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; in another dish beat the yolks, and add to them one teaspoon of water and a pinch of salt; beat well together; add the whites, mixing lightly; put a tablespoon of butter into a frying pan; hold it over the fire till warm; pour in the egg; as the mass begins to cook, run a knife blade under and around the sides to prevent burning; when the surface is about dry, fold one half over the other, and slide off on a plate; will cook in a few minutes; eat immediately.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.—Addison.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1887.

We read in the report of a very intelligent and discriminating address made lately in Boston: "The difference between the Congregationalists and the Unitarians is that the former aim to convert men, the latter to improve them in morality." While there is a good point made in such a statement, yet it would be better to say that the aim of a thorough-going Congregationalist is to convert men, and improve their morality all the more surely.

Mr. Blaine is supposed to have made a "boom" by his address at the Congregational Club in Boston in favor of unwritten preaching; and that is well, provided other things are not overlooked. For instance, we heard two sermons lately, the same evening. They were both unread, at least, but the Presbyterian sermon was declamatory, and the Methodist sermon was conversational in tone, every sentence clear and pertinent. The question whether a sermon should be read or unread is a matter which cannot be answered one way in every case, and we may be sure that the fact of having no manuscript will not cover a multitude of rhetorical sins.

Whatever opinions we may have about the principles involved in "strikes," or about the benefits to be derived from them, we are all mystified by the fact that they are not made by the most numerous classes of working people, nor by those whose toil is most inadequately rewarded. Strikes are, on the contrary, usually made by those who are in the grip of the most incompetent "bosses," and who have put themselves into the hands of the least qualified leaders. It is strange that a "tongue" man, who never works, gets into power over workmen, and that a man of no parts but those of plausibility makes himself the dictator amid social affairs. Must we wait till these misadventures get their eyes open, or these "fanatics" come to the "end of their tether"?

The bar and the bench of this city have been consulting together, and getting advice with regard to means for facilitating the progress of the courts, and hastening the ends of justice, by a more speedy clearing of the calendars of the courts, particularly the criminal courts. It was good to see how much in earnest these gentlemen were, and with what unanimity and heartiness they adopted the measures recommended by the committee previously appointed. It was particularly good to hear Judge Murphy say that he could clear his calendar in a fortnight, by hard work; and thus indirectly commend longer hours and harder work to the other gentlemen wearing the ermine. The continuance of cases and the delay of justice, from month to month, and year to year, has been a great reproach to our city, for which we do not know what parties are most to blame—the careless, or the selfish, or the lazy parties.

Poverty is a relative thing. We, in America, scarcely know what the word means—certainly not in California. Of real poverty—abject poverty—we have hardly dreamed. The few instances of destitution, here and there, of which we know, give us no adequate idea of an impoverished land and a community where there is not one in ten who does not actually suffer from some form of physical want, which neither individuals nor society have any power to relieve. We—the most poverty-stricken of us—are very rich in the comparison. Among us that is also true which a contemporary says, namely: "Nine-tenths of the suffering of the poor is unnecessary. It is due to improvidence, wastefulness, disregard of the laws of health and temperance. Not more than one-tenth is due to misfortunes that can neither be foreseen nor guarded against. Industry, temperance and thrift will secure comfort to the workman in nine cases out of

ten. The evils under which the poor groan are largely the natural result of their own ways of living."

A stray item in one of our dailies says: "The father of Vice-President Hamlin called his four sons after the great warriors of ancient history—Alexander, Julius Caesar, Cincinnatus and Hannibal. His four daughters were named respectively Europa, Asia, Australia and America." It is a good, or rather bad, specimen of the inaccuracy of the items department of the newspaper. It was not the father, but the grandfather, of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin who named his children so wondrously. Instead of four daughters and four sons, that ancestor had fifteen. Among these fifteen were Asia, Africa, Europe, America, Cyrus and Hannibal, but no Alexander, Julius Caesar, Cincinnatus or Australia. Besides, America and Asia, at least, were sons, not daughters. Cyrus of Persia, Me., was father of the Vice-President, and Hannibal of Waterford, Me., was father of the no less eminent man than Cyrus Hamlin, formerly missionary to Constantinople. By all the laws of prophetic naming, the family should have its missionaries to the ends of the earth.

Now and then we have to note through how much tribulation some pious souls enter into rest. Last Saturday and Sunday there died in this city, after years of pain, from an injury to the spine, the Rev. C. J. Hutchins, in former years pastor of the Congregational church at Petaluma; in Oakland, Mr. Graves, an inmate of the State's Institution for the Adult Blind, who became blind late in life, and had been long in feeble health; and in Sacramento, Mr. James Merrill, father of the pastor of the Congregational church at the capital, long racked by rheumatism and otherwise a sufferer from the ill flesh is heir to. These men were not young, and one or two of them were well along toward life's natural limit. We say, however, that those are long lives into which much has been crowded in the way of action and achievement, though relatively brief in the count of years. Equally, are not those lives long which have been crowded with endurance of exhaustion, unrest, hopelessness of recovery, helplessness, weariness, pain, pang and torture? And when such persons have shown that they accepted all as somehow their portion under a divine allotment, and so have "endured as seeing the Invisible," shall it not also be said of them, "Well done, good and faithful servants"? "They also serve who only stand and wait." They also serve who only linger and suffer and endure; and they, too, are of the number without whom the Church (and the world) could not so well get on.

"Strong governments," both in Church and State, have their efficiencies, and their friends, who are proud of them. But they have their perils, also; and their pitiless severities, which cause sensitive natures to recoil from them and hate them. The government of Russia is "strong," and terrifically energetic. Does anybody love it? Here is the Roman Catholic hierarchy, "strong," and sufficiently self-asserting, now rousing itself, through Pope, Propaganda, prelate, priest and petty potentate, to crush, minify and destroy a man who has presumed to disobey his superiors—not in the sphere of morals or religion, specifically, but in the sphere of politics. In such an exhibition of itself, is it lovely? Does it not seem hard, harsh, and cruel? True, Dr. McGlynn is no novice, no innocent, no victim of deceit. He knew what Romanism is, in doctrine, polity, power and practice; and he entered the priesthood with his eyes open, partly, at least; and he knew with what irons and oaths he bound himself when he became a priest. Still, even outsiders have some pity for him, when all the Roman Catholic priests hold him up to obloquy, even less gingerly than does the *Freeman's Journal* (a Roman Catholic paper, of New York) in these words: "Maudlin sentimentality is wasted in the case of a reverend gentleman, of great charity and fervent sympathy for the poor, whose own action forced his ecclesiastical superior to supersede him as rector of St. Stephen's. His charity, his single-heartedness, his intellectual keenness, were not forgotten by his superiors. They were considered. But—to use an analogy with all due respect to Dr. McGlynn—shall previous good conduct on the part of a prisoner at the bar be a valid reason for condoning, not only the offense of a prisoner, but his utter contempt of court?" Ah, "contempt of court"—that is the gravamen of the matter. He doesn't submissively enough kiss the hands of the "lords" of the great ecclesiastical structure, which towers above him.

Those who want next week's PACIFIC, which will contain Dr. Willey's journey to California in 1848 and 1849, will please send orders this week.

How obvious it is to all who have had a good observation and a reasonable experience in the business of moral reform that there are several factors entering into the problem, and that few lasting results will come from the working of one or two of them, or of any less number than all of them! It is not enough to regard the drunkard, for instance, solely as the victim of bad legislation, or as the victim of society and its wrong customs, or as the victim of heredity, or as the victim of his environment, or as the victim of disease, or as the victim of neglected education, or as the victim of an appetite stimulated by medical practice. From one or another or all of these sources baleful influences may have touched him, but we shall be likely to go all astray until we regard him and treat him as, most of all, the selfish victim of his own wrong heart, to which he has himself given all its badness. In other words, the man to be reformed must see his own personality, his own sin, his own responsibility, his own voluntary agency, in the making of himself what he is. And then, first of all, by whatever aids, human and divine, he must undo what he has himself done in ruining himself, and put himself right with himself and his Maker. After that he must be freed from exposure to the saloon, exposure to bad social influences, taken out of his old environment, fortified against hereditary tendencies to evil, and stimulated to virtue by all possible incitements. We may legislate the saloon out of existence, and there will still be drunkenness, though far less of it. We may stop all production of alcoholic drinks, and there will still be drunkenness, though far less of it. For, while opium, tobacco, hashish, cocaine, and other narcotics and sedatives exist, seductive in their power, human beings will be indulging in that which brings physiological results akin to those of intoxication. Problems of moral reform are likely to press as hard upon future generations as present ones do upon ours. We have our duty to do, here and now, but we must not dream that we have done the thing, once for all, when we have gotten all that legislation which the times seem to us to demand. Laws will not execute themselves, and they will be evaded while sin lives. Ah, if we could persuade all people absolutely to refuse every kind of intoxicant, how soon would saloon and distillery run dry!

Dr. McGlynn's doctrine of land is thus given in his letter to his Archbishop: "My doctrine about land has been made clear in speeches, in reported interviews and in published articles, and I repeat it here. I have taught, and I shall continue to teach, in speeches and writings, as long as I live, that land is rightfully the property of the people in common, and that private ownership of land is against natural justice, no matter by what civil or ecclesiastical laws it may be sanctioned, and I would bring about instantly, if I could, such change of laws all the world over as would confiscate private property in land without one penny of compensation to the mis-called owners." Well, this is atrocious doctrine, and shows that this Catholic priest had mistaken his calling, or that he needed to be called to order. But our good Congregationalist way of calling to order is quite different, and, we think, much better than the Roman Catholic way. But even we experience serious trouble, sometimes, when dictation is attempted as to subject-matter of teaching in theological seminaries, etc.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors last Monday evening, in this city, a stricter law against gambling, preventing it in certain ways by which the general law against gambling has hitherto been evaded, was under consideration, when objection was made by the Republican members that it was too sweeping, etc. The law was finally passed by the votes of the Democratic nine, not one of the Republican three joining. We confess ourselves very much disappointed at this action on the part of our Republican friends.

The *Free Church of Scotland Monthly*, acknowledging the receipt of a sample of coffee from the first shipment of coffee by the African Lakes Company, says that of three plants sent out from the Edinburgh Botanic gardens but one survived. That has been carefully cultured for eight years, till it has produced seventy bags of many hundredweight of the finest coffee, making its culture a commercial success.

The elegant new home of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York city is a substantial building, five stories high, finished in oak, roomy, comfortable, and adapted to the end of furnishing accommodations and opportunities for free instruction to improve the condition of self-supporting women. Its cost was about \$160,000.

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SOUND DOCTRINE.—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

THE CALL TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

BY REV. J. D. DAVIS, D.D., MISSIONARY TO JAPAN.

In considering the question of the Christian's call to the foreign missionary work, let us first consider the conditions of the call:

1. Enlistment in Christ's army. Unless a soul has enlisted in Christ's army, it is in no condition to hear the call to the foreign work. We need, also, to realize what enlistment in Christ's army means. There is involved in a real enlistment in an army obedience to every command of the leader of that army. Unless we are ready to obey all the commands of Christ, we have not really enlisted.

2. Willingness to go anywhere and do anything which the Master commands. Rather let us say *gladness* to go anywhere; a soul may be willing, but if it is not glad it will be very likely to find some excuse for not going.

3. Blot out the distinction between the home and the foreign work. The world is all one country; the earth is all one land; mankind are all brothers; there "is neither Jew nor Greek." The first article of the constitution of the missionary society which Count Zinzendorf formed at Halle, in 1715, was, "The members of our society will love the whole human family." This was the foundation of the wonderful work which the Moravians have done, and Count Zinzendorf's own motto was, "The whole earth is the Lord's; men's souls are all his; I am debtor to them all." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." "When John saw Jesus, he said, Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Christ said, "The field is the world" and "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We are soldiers in Christ's army; we are fighting for his kingdom, and when a great battle is raging along the whole extended line it is no time to talk about "State rights." It is not a time to think about the East or the West, about America or Asia; but we should view the whole field of battle with unprejudiced eye and be glad to go wherever we are needed most.

4. Survey the whole field. Not many men are called to the foreign work to-day as Paul was. Men say, "We are ready to go anywhere the Master calls us." And they seem to expect that if Christ wants them to go abroad he will give them a miraculous sign. We need not expect it. God expects us to observe the necessary conditions for a call to the foreign work; and not least among these is a careful survey of the whole field. It is needless to say that the Church of Christ, that the ministers of the gospel of Christ, do not take an impartial survey of the whole field; the Church and the ministry get a vivid view of the home field. Its needs, its problems and its perils are ever before us. Every religious and every secular newspaper is full of them, but hardly one in ten of the ministry, or of the membership of the churches, have anything like an adequate view of the needs of the foreign work. When our State associations give but half an hour of a three-days' session to the foreign work, and when our great national council can spend a week together and give but thirty minutes to prayer for and consideration of the whole foreign work, it is needless to say that the ministry and the churches are not taking an impartial survey of the whole field. Paul saw a vision at Troas of a man saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Are we waiting for such a vision? Are not thousands and millions of men standing over against us, not in vision but in reality, and calling, "Come over and help us!"—a greater and louder call than any vision could be? But we do not see these men of Asia. We do not hear their moving appeals for help. We are absorbed in the home field. We hear it said on every hand, "A great battle is raging here in the United States. It seems as if it was a Waterloo, and *Blucher is on the way*. If we would turn it into victory we must be quick before *Blucher* comes." Yes, a great battle is raging here, and many *Bluchers* are on the way; but the United States is only one section of Christ's great battle-field. Is the loyal soldier deaf to all entreaties for help on the right and on the left because his own immediate front is pressed? The line of battle of Christ's army and of his kingdom stretches around the world. It runs through these United States, but it does not begin nor end here. It stretches on through Japan and China and India and Turkey and across the dark continent of Africa and in the islands of the sea. The battle is raging in all parts of the line just as truly as it is in the United States. There is a crisis in all these places just as truly as with us here. It seems in many of these countries as if it may be a Waterloo, and *Blucher is on the way*. It is emphatically so in Japan. That whole nation of thirty-seven millions is calling for the gospel, ready to listen to it to-day. From the men at the head of the government to the men in the mountain hamlets, they are appealing to us to come over and help them. It is a golden harvest-time. If the Church does its duty, it seems as if Japan may become a Christian nation in a few years. But "*Blucher is on the way*" there. His vanguard has already come up. Unless the Church of Christ is quick to reinforce the scattered vidette posts there, infidelity and materialism will gain the victory. One of the most intelligent and successful of the Japanese workers has just written: "We

have already entered on a critical period. Either we must have men or we must fail. At least, the Christianization of Japan, which seems so near, must be pushed on for several generations." The same thing is largely true of China and India and Africa. Look at the nine hundred men in the great printing establishment at Lucknow, India, turning out Brahminical and infidel literature. Look at the ten thousand Mohammedan students in the great seminary in Cairo, preparing to carry Mohammedanism into Africa and Asia. The battle is raging all around the world, and the question whether it shall be a Waterloo of defeat or a Gettysburg of victory rests with the Church of Christ. The whole army, at home and abroad, must be largely reinforced, or the battle is lost. Not that the number of the nominal soldiers in the home army need to be increased, but the number of *effectives* needs to be largely increased here. With one hundred thousand churches and one hundred thousand ministers, with a million Sabbath-school teachers and one soul in five of the whole population a soldier of Christ, would there be any doubt that we can gain the victory here were all *effectives* soldiers? Can we, with one minister to every seven hundred of the population, with a Sabbath-school teacher to every score or two, with a professing Christian to every five—who can we spare none to re-enforce those who are standing as one to a million of those we are trying to save? Then something is wrong. We hear it said that we must save the United States to save the world, and that we must save the Anglo-Saxon race to save the world. How do we know? Unless we of this generation do our duty to the whole waiting world this nation is lost, and God may use some other nation which we are neglecting or despising to save the world. It may be that the Church needs the spectacle and the inspiration of a large force going to other lands to make it effective at home. It may be that it needs to obey Christ's command, spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and God's call, which comes from every nation and people on earth to-day, in order to receive his blessing and victory. Here at home God has prepared the way. The world is all open, the Bible is translated into all languages, the world is calling for the gospel. Will the Church respond and do her duty? If she does, the world will soon be Christ's; if she does not, the world will be lost, and the Church, too, will be lost. It is a crisis for both the world and the Church. It is a time which calls for a calm, careful, prayerful survey of the whole world field.

5. We need to realize the infinite peril of the heathen. Unless we feel this, we are not likely to so survey the field, and weigh the question, that we shall have an effectual call to go. Christ's command, and love and loyalty to him, are motives; but these need to be reinforced by a feeling that there was an infinite peril behind that command, and behind the coming of Christ and the great sacrifice, or the Church will not go abroad in great numbers. During Sherman's march through the Carolinas we had reached the interior of North Carolina; I was ordered one evening to place my regiment at an important crossing of a river on the left flank of Sherman's army, and it was known that the Confederate army was only a few miles farther to the left. We were to hold that position till morning. It was a night of ceaseless vigil. Early in the morning, before we had time for coffee even, the order came to march on quickly and overtake our division, which was several miles in advance of us. The men understood that it was the command of the General to march on quickly. They were thoroughly loyal men. There were no more loyal soldiers in the army than they; but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could urge them on—they wanted to stop for breakfast; they wanted to fall out and rest. After a few miles, we heard the booming of canon in the distance, and soon we heard the roar of small arms. There was no mistaking it, the army was attacked; there was danger. Every man was instantly in his place. I had to do no more urging. We made five miles in about an hour. What made the difference? Simply a realization of the danger—the peril. It is so everywhere as human nature is, and we all need to realize the peril which is behind a command or an appeal, or we do not respond with alacrity and zeal. Whatever our theories or speculations about the future may be, we need to realize that upon any possible theory the mass of the heathen of this generation are lost, unless we take the gospel to them. Having, then, enlisted—*really* enlisted—in Christ's army—being willing and glad to go anywhere he calls us and where we are needed, blotting out the distinction between the home and foreign field, and taking an impartial survey of the whole world field, with a vivid realization of the infinite peril of the heathen, and only asking the question, "Where am I most needed along this great battle line now?" "Where will my life, in all its issues, amount to the most for Christ and for men?"—we shall be prepared to receive an inner "call" of the Holy Spirit to some part of the field. And, need it be said that if the whole Church would observe these conditions, and listen for this inner call, there would soon be mighty reinforcements pouring into the foreign field? Would the tremendous disparity between the number of workers in the home and the foreign field long exist? How many years would it be before the modest appeal of Secretary Clark for 350 ordained mission-

aries—three to each million of souls, which fall to our share in the work as Congregationalists—would be answered by the men and means? How long could it be said that the Protestant Christians of the United States only gave one-sixteenth of one per cent. of their annual income to help carry the gospel to the thousand millions who have never heard of Christ? How long could it be said that there are more added to the ranks of Mohammedans and pagans than to those of Christians each year? Or, that the natural increase of the pagan population of the world in the last ten years is more than three times as great as all the converts from heathenism by the whole of the Protestant churches since the beginning of this missionary century? There are, to-day, in the world over one thousand millions of heathens and Mohammedans, and they are increasing by natural birth over one million a year. To convert them there are about three thousand ordained missionaries at work—three to over one million of souls. How long will it take them to do it? Are we not *playing* at missions? On the third day at Gettysburg, when that terrible charge was made on the center of our line, and the line was broken, and the artillery was in danger of being seized by the enemy, the First Minnesota were ordered to throw down everything they had except their guns and bayonets, and they were hurled on the dead run in a bayonet charge against the serried columns of the enemy. They checked their advance for a few minutes, until a new line could be formed, which saved the day and the nation; but only eighty-seven of the First Minnesota came out of the fight. Thus it is in every mission field in the world to-day—a little band, a "corpsal's guard," is hurled against millions. We are expected to hold our own. We are willing to stand. We are willing to die there. But, oh! for the Master's sake, for the sake of the waiting millions, form a stronger line quickly which will save the day!

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

W. H. M. SOCIETY OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

For several months, our ladies set apart one Friday in each month for a Home Missionary meeting. Various discussions were held as to the advisability of forming a new organization, some claiming that the Home Missionary Society needed prayer more than funds. The negatives prevailed until November. We were all greatly affected by a powerful sermon preached by our pastor soon after his return, on "In Him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Our meeting November 12, 1886, was presided over by Mrs. Merritt, who gave a most earnest and heart-stirring appeal for the cause. As that touching question—

"I gave, I gave my life for thee; What hast thou given for me?"

thrilled every heart, we felt we must do more for the dear Master. The vote was unanimous to organize, as we all felt that in organization there is strength; that the Home Missionary work needs the best help the women of the churches can give it, and that it is high time we join the sisterhood of Home Missionary Societies. A constitution was adopted, ten cents monthly constituting membership—(Art. 3). The object of this society shall be to bring its members into closer communication and sympathy with the work of Christianizing our State and land; to give definiteness to our prayers; and to assist in this work by our contributions and efforts. The usual officers were chosen. Envelopes were obtained, and are being distributed in the twelve sections of the city.

We also have Ladies' Pledges for Home Missions, which would be very helpful in forming auxiliaries. Unusual interest has been shown from the first, twenty-six ladies being present in January. Our society is not only alive, but actively alive, and we hope its growth will be such that, at the annual meeting of the association in October next, we may organize a Woman's Home Missionary Society for the State, to which all the local societies would be auxiliary.

To-day, February 11th, twenty-nine ladies were present, notwithstanding the rain, and listened to a stirring appeal from Miss Hunt, teacher of the New West Education in Utah. She enthused all our hearts, so that we feel we must take hold of this new work and support a teacher in Mormon land.

M. M. H., Secretary W. H. M. S., First Congregational Church, Oakland.

DIED.

HUTCHINS.—In this city, February 13, 1887, Rev. C. J. Hutchins, aged 61 years. Memorial notice next week.

MERRILL.—In Sacramento, February 12th, James Merrill, lately of Andover, Mass., in his 74th year, father of the Rev. William C. Merrill.

Somewhat more than a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Merrill left their home in Andover to spend their declining days with their children, all of whom, four sons and a daughter, are living in California, and all but one in Sacramento. The father has been an invalid and sufferer for many years. He has done what he had to do with quiet, unassuming fidelity, and waited the end with patience and trustful acquiescence in the divine will.

Children's Corner.

THE RACE.

Tiptoe, dainty fine!
When you are caught I will make you mine!
But till you are caught I must follow;
And after your tiny, dancing feet,
And your gay, shy smile so sunny sweet,
Up hill and over hollow,
With a call and a cry, don't doubt but I
Shall fly—like the swift-winged swallow!

Tiptoe, dainty fine!
Now you are caught, and you are mine!
My little lass—I've caught her!
She laughs and points and hides her face,
She springs away with an agile grace
The dainty birds have taught her!
But I must not miss my hard-earned kiss
Like this, my bonnie daughter!

Oh, ay! Away, away!
What can the panting mother say?
Why—"Now she is fast, and I hold her!
I kiss her blue eyes and sunny hair,
Her dimpled arm and her cheek so fair;
To my loving heart I fold her;
And then I swing the captured thing,
With a "swing! swing! swing!" to my
shoulder!" —St. Nicholas.

THE WOLF-CHARMER.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

There were sorrow and great trouble in the house of Michael Tronski, the fiddler of Aruntra, a small village in Austria. He had fallen that morning from a ladder in the course of mending the thatch on his cottage roof, and was now lying in bed, groaning and helpless, with a broken arm and collarbone. Worse still, there had been heavy sickness and death in the family. Doctor's bills and other expenses had swallowed up all the poor violin-scraper's savings. Now that he was laid helpless on his back destitution stared him and his children in the face.

"Do not take on so, father dear," said Marscha, the fiddler's little daughter, as she moistened the sick man's lips with water, in a vain attempt to allay his burning thirst. She was only 12 years old, but her mother's early death had made it necessary to be womanly very early. She had helped the doctor that day, as he set her father's broken limb, with a courage and quiet presence of mind that had won his highest praise.

"No need of any other nurse so long as you are with him, my dear," he said. "Only see that he is kept quiet, and his mind easy."

"His mind easy! Yes, that was easily said," thought poor Marscha, who knew that there was no more food in the house than would serve for that day and the next, nor any money to buy more. Her poor father had, as she knew, reckoned on earning enough to keep them for weeks by playing his fiddle that very evening at the wedding feast of Janos Patusta, the richest farmer in the neighborhood. That hope was at an end now. Still the brave girl resolved to do her best.

"My children! my children!" he kept moaning. "Everything gone! Neither food nor money in the house, and I lying here like a log, unable to earn more! My poor, helpless children, what will become of them?"

"Dear father," said Marscha, "God will provide for us, I am sure. Mother always told me not to be afraid. And then there's Iwan."

"Iwan, yes," said the old man, bitterly. "Iwan could have taken my place to-night if I had not been such an obstinate ass, and insisted on him learning carpentry instead of fiddling. I was determined that my son should be something better than a fiddler, forsooth, and never would let him learn. He is well avenged now, and we shall all starve."

"No, we shan't," replied Marscha. "I made enough bread yesterday to last us for two days yet, and neighbor Brigitta gave me some milk this morning. I am going to get you some now."

"My poor motherless child!" muttered the man. "May God help us, as you say! Where is Anna?"

"Brigitta took her home with her, to be out of the way, as she is so little. Drink, dear father"; and she held the cup to his mouth.

At this moment a tall, handsome boy entered the cottage, with grief and dismay on his face. Marscha made him a sign to control himself. He made an answering sign, and approached the bed. "Dear father," he said, "I have just heard of your terrible accident, and my good master let me come to you at once to see if I could help."

"No, my boy; there is nothing to be done—unless," he corrected himself, "Carlovitz would let you go over to Janos Patusta, at the farm, and tell him that I cannot play the violin to-night at his wedding. There is nobody in the village whom I can send in my place. We shall soon know what starving means."

"Father," said the boy eagerly, and yet with a certain confusion of manner, "let me go instead of you."

"You," said Michael—"you! What could you do? I never allowed you to learn even how to handle the bow."

"But I learned for all that," replied Iwan, blushing deeply. "Don't be angry with me, father, but I used to practice in the evenings, after work was over, on Carlovitz's old fiddle. I was so unhappy after you sent me away, and I could not hear any more music."

"My poor boy!" said Michael. "But let me hear you play."

Iwan took his father's violin, and played a slow, plaintive air upon it. Then he changed the key, and rattled off a lively dance tune. Both were excellently done.

"I could not have believed it possible," said his father. "You will be a

better player than ever I have been, I can see that. Yes, you may go to Patusta's, and tell him I sent you to take my place. I am sure he will make no difficulty if you play to him half as well as you did to me just now. You are not afraid of the long walk?"

"I? No, indeed!" smiled Iwan. "Keep your mind easy, Marscha," he continued, turning to his pale, anxious little sister. "I'll be back to-night, somewhat late, perhaps, with my pockets full of coppers, with a little silver mixed with them, I hope. But it's a good bit of a road, and I must tell Carlovitz not to expect me to-night. So good-by, father; good-by, Marscha!" And off the light-hearted boy went.

At Patusta's farm all was bustle and excitement. The first feelings of disappointment on learning that Michael could not come himself to the wedding, and had sent so young a substitute, were quickly allayed on hearing the masterly manner with which the lad handled his father's bow. The most of the guests had heard of the accident, and knew of the great troubles that had one after the other fallen on the fiddler's family. General sympathy was roused. The dancing, the happiness, and, above all, Iwan's lovely music, opened their hearts. When the ball ended, about two in the morning, the boy was dismissed with not only the promised payment for his night's work, but the pocketful of money of which he had spoken to Marscha, of which the greater part was not copper, but shining white silver.

Who so happy now as Iwan, striding blithely homeward on his three-mile walk, his violin slung lightly over his shoulder, and his hands in his pockets rattling his gains? He kept whistling from time to time to give expression to his pleasure, as he thought of his father and Marscha and wee toddling Anna.

"Oh, if mother were only alive!" he thought, "how pleased she would be! Poor father need not want anything now. There's enough here for that clever little sister of mine to keep house on for a long time. She is thinking of me now while she is sitting up waiting for me. I am later than I thought I should be when I left home. This wood here will cut off a good quarter of a mile if I cross it."

With a boy's thoughtlessness he left the beaten track, and turned aside into a pine wood near. The sudden darkness startled him at first, as the faint light of the waning moon could not penetrate through the thick branches. But confident that he could find his way and regain the high road again at the other side of the wood, his eagerness to reach home prevented him from turning back. He contented himself with picking his steps carefully. Suddenly the ground seemed to give way beneath him, and he was precipitated into a deep pit. He was stunned for a moment, but the earth at the bottom was soft, and no bones were broken. Picking himself up, his first thought was his father's precious violin. If that were broken, then indeed would the measure of their misfortunes be full, and his carelessness would have done it. To his great joy it was unharmed. Then he began feeling about the walls of the pit for a means of escape. Suddenly something met his eyes that nearly froze his blood with horror. Two glowing points like red-hot coals glared upon him out of the dense darkness around. Iwan comprehended the matter now. He had fallen into one of the pitfalls dug to entrap wild animals, and was now hopelessly imprisoned with a wolf. The creature, he felt, was confounded and terrified for the moment by the noise of his fall. But he was convinced that it would soon recognize the helplessness to defend himself of his comrade in misfortune, and would make a breakfast of him in a shorter time than it took to think of it all.

Iwan's breath came thick and fast, but he was not one of those who easily resign hope. He called to mind the old ballad of how a valiant Danish chief was taken in battle by his enemies, and thrust into a cavern full of serpents and other loathsome and deadly reptiles; how he had been allowed, as a last boon, to take with him his harp of seven strings; and how he had played upon it for a night a day, using his feet when his fingers failed him. So long as he played, not a creature attempted to do him hurt, so great is the power of music over even the brutes. At last his enemies were moved, and opened to him his prison doors.

"Why may not I take a leaf out of that old Danish book?" thought Iwan, quickly unslinging his fiddle and bow. "A violin is as good as a harp any day. If I can manage to keep the brute off till daylight, somebody is sure to be passing on the road, or the owners of the trap will come to see if there is any booty."

He drew the bow across the strings, and commenced a slow, melancholy tune which would have brought the tears to his own eyes had not the sense of desperate danger been the feeling uppermost in his mind. The beast gave a long howl.

"You like music, do you?" thought Iwan. "All right, Master Wolf; you shall have plenty of it, then."

His eyes were now getting accustomed to the darkness, and he perceived that his dangerous fellow-prisoner was an enormous gray wolf, whose gaunt sides spoke of a hunger which would afford him small hope of escape should not his music succeed in exercising the hoped-for charm over it. He played on with the energy of despair. Although it was early spring, and the snow nearly all

melted away, it was still bitterly cold. The poor boy's fingers got so chilled that they could soon hardly hold the bow. Still he fiddled bravely on, his terrible companion only giving vent from time to time to an uneasy growl, alternating with a long melancholy howl. These sounds, however horrible in themselves, were pleasant to Iwan's ears, as showing him that his music had the desired effect. But the hours went past, the dawn was breaking, and the poor boy's hands were so benumbed that he noticed, to his horror, that the tones were getting broken, and sometimes even refused to come at all.

"God help me," he thought, "if I get quite powerless before any one comes to my help! My poor father and Marscha! what will they say if I never come home? And I thought to make them so happy with the money I earned to-night!"

This thought nerved his arm once more. But he felt it could not be for long. His strength was leaving him fast. It was now broad daylight. The rumble of a heavy wagon was heard from the road. Hope put new life into Iwan's bow. He drew it across the strings so as to produce the high notes which he knew would be the most piercing, accompanying them by a shrill cry at the top of his voice.

The rumbling ceased. In a few minutes a kindly, weather-beaten face was seen peering over the mouth of the pit. "Well, my lad," said the man, recognizing Iwan, whose passion for music and his father's resolve not to make him a fiddler were well known, "you've chosen an odd place in which to practice forbidden arts. How came you here?"

"Don't stop to ask. Look at my comrade. Run for a gun," panted the boy, still fiddling desperately.

"Mercy on us! you have an unchancy companion, and no mistake," cried the man, now perceiving the brute. "Hold on a bit longer. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He was turning away. At that moment another man appeared. He had a gun on his shoulder. It was Stephen Hurla, the owner of the pit. He came on with great angry strides.

"What is that?" he said, "Who is fiddling down there in my pit?"

"Now that is what I call coming in the nick of time," cried the wagoner. "Iwan Tronski is down there with a wolf. If you don't make quick work of the brute with your gun, he'll soon make short work of poor Iwan!"

"The fiddler's son! However did he get down there?"

Without waiting for an answer, he ran to the pit and looked down. The bow had just fallen from the poor boy's nerveless fingers. Forgetful of the danger of taking his eye off the creature, he stooped to pick it up. Freed from both the spells that had held it hitherto, the wolf gave a wild growl, and sprang at Iwan. Iwan gave himself up for lost. Then a shot from the hunter's gun, directed by his practiced eye, made the monster harmless forever.

Iwan was taken out of the pit nearly as dead as the wolf from sheer exhaustion. A little brandy from the hunter's flask revived him. Then the wagoner gave him a lift as far as the village.

It was a proud moment and a happy one for him when, after telling his story, he emptied the contents of his pockets into his wise little sister's lap, and heard his father, with tears of thankfulness, calling him the staff of his age.

"And now, father," he concluded, "you will not forbid me any more to practice the fiddle, I am sure."

It is needless to say what was Michael's answer. My story ought by rights to end here. But there is a sequel to it, for all that, which I think I must give, although Iwan never encountered another such thrilling adventure as that which followed on his first entrance into public life.

It was not long after that a handsome carriage drove through the village, and stopped at Carlovitz the carpenter's door. A pleasant-faced, middle-aged gentleman got out. It was Count Forbach, from the castle, the great man of the place. He asked to see Iwan Tronski. Iwan came forward with quiet self-possession.

"Stephen Hurla," said the Count, "has been telling me a wonderful story about a boy who charmed a wolf into patience by playing the violin to him all night. Is this true, and are you he?"

Iwan bowed. "Not the whole night, my lord; only a few hours," he said, modestly.

"And quite enough too in such grisly company," answered the nobleman, smiling. "My daughters were so delighted with the story when Stephen told it that they gave me no rest till I promised to try to get you to play to them, too. I don't think they will be more difficult to charm than the wolf. What do you say? If you will come back to the castle with me, I will make it worth your while, for your sick father's sake."

"I will come willingly," answered Iwan, "if my master will spare me. But indeed, sir, I am but a very poor player, as I have had to learn all I know in secret."

"I have heard of that too, my boy," said the Count, who was himself a musical enthusiast, "and I respect you for your energy. Carlovitz, will you give me the boy for to-night?"

The carpenter's consent was readily given to the great man. Iwan in his Sunday best—and a very modest best it was—rode in a carriage for the first time in his life, scarcely able to realize his good fortune. On arriving at the castle

he was given in charge to the house-keeper, who petted and made much of him, and told him stories of her master's and the young ladies' goodness.

At length he was summoned to the drawing-room. He was dazzled at first by the lights and the grand dresses of the ladies. But they were all so kind that he very soon took courage. A violin was now put into his hand. Iwan played his very best, and his hearers were delighted. At the end of the evening the Count took him aside.

"My good lad," he said, "it is plain to me that you have a wonderful talent for music. It would be a thousand pities to neglect it. Should not you like to be a great player?"

"Oh, sir!" cried Iwan, his eyes sparkling. "Then listen," said the Count. "It would be an easy thing for me to take you from your present employment, and pay for your teaching at the Conservatory of Vienna. But when I was a lad my father taught me that it was of no use being helped by others unless I should try to help myself. This I am sure you will be quite willing to do. Here is my plan. Will you be guided by me?"

"I will do anything you tell me," said the grateful boy.

"It is this, then," The Count put a gold piece into his hand. "This is your payment for the pleasure you have given us this evening. I see you have a large stock of national Polish melodies at your finger-tips. I take a great interest in them, and should like to make a collection of them. If you will come here once a week and play over to me as many as you can remember, you shall have the same sum each time. Lay it by until you have saved enough to start upon, and your career is made. Is it a bargain?"

Iwan kissed his hand, and returned home a proud and happy boy. Every week for many months he went to his kind patron's castle, and played to him not only all the airs he had known all his life, but others which he took pains, with his father's help, to collect from far and near. Soon he had earned enough for his further maintenance and studies. He entered the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, and with the best instruction that most musical cities can give, became one of the best violin players of the day. It is red gold now, instead of coppers and silver, which he sends from time to time to his loving and beloved sister Marscha to help to keep house with for his old and infirm father and his sister Anna.—Harper's Young People.

THE BIG BROTHER.

There are many things which nobody at home can do half so well as the big brother. For one thing, he can keep the peace. If there is a dispute between two of the little ones, or a general row in the nursery, the big brother has only to say the word, and the belligerents will cease their strife. Belligerent is a long word, but the boys who are reading "Caesar" may tell the others that it is made up of two Latin words, one of which means war, and the other, waging or carrying on; so that when two children are quarreling and saying cross words, which may presently cause blows, they are properly called belligerents. Mother is a happy woman if she can trust her big boy to be right-hand man, to settle all that goes wrong, and to set a good example.

Nobody equals a big brother in taking the children's part when they are attacked, whether it is by a savage dog, an occasional bull in the meadow, or the bad boys from the next street. How safe they feel when brother Tom advances boldly to the rescue, and how proud they are of him, with reason, too, for he is not strong and brave and quick to act, knowing just what to do and just how to do it? I never yet heard of a cowardly big brother—did you?—Harper's Young People.

TWO WEDDING SERMONS TO ORDER.

John Quincy Adams and John Hancock, "the Signor," married two sisters, the daughters of a noted Methodist divine in Connecticut. John Quincy was a favorite with the old people, and Mary's choice was approved by them. So, when the bans were published, the parent said, "Mary, if you will furnish me the text, I will preach you a wedding sermon." She was equal to the task, and gave the text, "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her." Needless to say that justice was done to the occasion and the text. Not so with Margaret, who in the mean while was receiving the attentions of her John in a very inexpensive way, as far as her parents were concerned; for it is said that "he never crossed his legs under their festive board." So, when the bans were published, she said to her father: "Father, you preached a wedding sermon for Mary. Cannot you preach one for me?" He at first demurred; but at last he consented, and called for the text, when Margaret, who was equal to the occasion, said, "And John came, neither eating nor drinking, and yet ye say he hath a devil."—New York Graphic.

When men do anything for God, the very least thing, they never know where it will end, nor what amount of work it will do for him. Love's secret, therefore, is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones. "Cast thy bread upon the running waters; for after a long time thou shalt find it again."—F. W. Faber.

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THE POET'S PLEA.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

[The story is told that Victor Hugo, concerning himself on behalf of one condemned, called on King Louis Philippe to intercede for the unfortunate man. It was a second compassionate effort of the poet; but the hour was late, and the monarch, being now retired to bed, could not be seen. Not to be wholly balked of his purpose, Hugo left a plea, in suddenly improvised verse, on the table to meet the King's eye in the morning. There had been a recent death in the royal family of an idolized daughter, and a birth, too, as well. Of these incidents the poet avails himself in his quatrain. The poet's plea arrived. Very closely rendered, it runs as follows:]

By your lost angel, dove-like from you flown,
By this sweet royal babe, fair, fragile reed,
Mercy once more! Be mercy, mercy shown!
In the tomb's name, and cradles', both, I plead.

[The original may be subjoined for comparison:]

Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe,
Par ce royal enfant, doux et fragile roseau,
Grâce encore une fois! grâce au nom de la tombe!
Grâce au nom du berceau!

—Independent.

A MOTTO.

Never, never a day should pass
Without some kindness kindly shown;
This is a motto, dear laddie and lass,
To think upon daily and take for your own.

—St. Nicholas.

CO-OPERATION AMONG ENGLISH WORKINGMEN.

The co-operative movement began about forty years ago. In 1844 the twenty-eight Rochdale pioneers started a little store on the principle of dividing profits according to the amount of purchases. Their business capital was no more than £28, which had been most carefully collected and hoarded. From these humble beginnings the movement has spread among a vast number of the working classes throughout England and Scotland. In its present condition it is, no doubt, open to some criticisms, but not even Robert Owen and the Christian Socialists, including F. D. Maurice, C. Kingsley, T. Hughes Ludlow and E. Vansittart Neil, who urged the importance of the matter, could possibly have hoped at the time that co-operation would ever reach its present development. A few figures will, perhaps, be useful as showing the extent to which the work has spread. In 1862 the amount of sales by co-operative societies in the United Kingdom was less than 2½ millions sterling. In 1883 (the last returns made out) the sales amounted to more than 28 millions, the number of societies which made returns of their business to the Central Board was 1,157, and the total profits amounted to 2½ millions, and the money applied to education amounted to nearly £16,000. In the twenty years 1862-82 the total sales amounted to 275¼ millions, and the profits to nearly 22 millions. All this, it must be remembered, is workingmen's money, and the whole of this business is managed by workingmen themselves, or through representatives whom they have elected from their own numbers. To show more clearly what an immense hold co-operation has over certain districts, the fact may be mentioned that, in the county of Durham, the members of co-operative societies amount to more than 30 per cent. of the total population; in Yorkshire, to 27 per cent.; in Lancashire, to 27 per cent.; in Cumberland to 24 per cent.; and in Northumberland, to 22½ per cent. Thus, in some of the great centers of English industry, a large proportion of the working classes are attached to the movement. At present, the societies are larger and more numerous in the north than in the south.

It will be well to consider how an ordinary distributive store is started from the beginning, and how a workingman becomes a member of a society and profits by its business. The usual way in which a store is started in a town or village is that some workingman who is a leading spirit among his fellows hears what is being done by workingmen co-operators in England or Scotland. He talks the matter over with his friends, obtains and circulates tracts bearing upon the subject, and, finally, he and his friends make up their minds to see if they can start a society. A small Provisional Committee is then appointed, which enters into communication with other workingmen in the place. The next step is, very often, to hold a public meeting, to which the Central Board of the Co-operative Union is always willing to send two or more speakers, free of charge, and at the close of such a meeting a very slight amount of urging will probably induce a good many people to give their names as members of the proposed society. This done, a certain amount of money must be collected before a start can be made. The whole system is based upon ready-money dealing, and each store must have ready money to pay for its outfit before it makes a beginning. Some of the committee act as collectors, and push the matter as well as they can. If a shop is to be opened all day, there should be at least £130 of capital, 100 members and a fair prospect of doing a trade of from £40 to £50 a week. Nothing less will insure payment of expenses and a fair dividend.

In an ordinary case, to become a member of such a store it is only necessary to deposit 1s. 3d. That done, the store is open to any one of any class who may wish to belong to it. The member, whether man or woman, or one of the family, goes to the store, which

may be a building worth £40,000 or one rented at £5 a year; in either case, the methods are exactly the same. He buys goods at the ordinary market price of the town or village, for which he pays ready money over the counter, and on no pretext whatever is credit allowed. When the purchase is done, the shopman gives him tin or paper tokens, stamped or marked so as to show how much he has spent, whether it be sixpence or several pounds. These tokens are kept till the end of the quarter, for it is upon the amount he has spent at the store that his dividend or share of profits depends. Such a member is not allowed to withdraw the whole of his first dividend. He is bound to leave a sum equal to 3d per week until he is a shareholder to the amount of at least a £1 share, in order that the society may have some working capital of its own to fall back upon. After he has got this £1 share he may withdraw all future dividends if he chooses. If he is wise, he will let it accumulate at the store, which will become his savings-bank, and will pay him 5 per cent. After a time, he may find himself in possession of £50 or £100 in the store, as is the case with hundreds of working people, the savings being the result of no other effort on their part than that of paying ready money for their daily supplies. From the very beginning a member may attend the monthly and quarterly meetings, where important matters are discussed, and there he finds that his vote counts for just as much as that of the member who may have £200 of share capital. The constitution of these societies is entirely democratic: all are equal here; each has one vote, and none has more than one vote. * * *

If we take two definite examples, one of a great town co-operative society and another of a village society, we may, perhaps, be able to grasp the importance of these businesses conducted with workingmen's money, and entirely under workingmen's management. The largest of the town distributive societies is at Leeds. At the end of 1884 it numbered over 22,000 members, its share capital amounted to £222,000, and its loan capital to over £17,000, while it had a reserve fund of nearly £8,000. The value of its land, buildings and fixed stock was £165,000; the money received over the counter during the year amounted to nearly £500,000, and the total net profits to £58,000.

The second example is of a village co-operative society. It is obvious that any movement which, like co-operation, encourages a spirit of self-reliance, is, if anything, of greater importance in the country districts than in the large towns. So far, from a social and educational point of view, the agricultural laborer is at a great disadvantage compared with the skilled artisan. Except where the Agricultural Laborers' Union has worked, he is isolated and almost entirely dependent upon his employer. The one thing needful to improve his general condition is to afford him an opportunity to educate himself. The independent association of a co-operative society, the entire management of its own business by itself and for itself, without the interference of any inspired authority, is one of the best possible means of achieving this end. At Harbury, a village in Warwickshire, such a society has long existed, to the great benefit of the country population. At present, it contains 710 members, over 500 of whom are agricultural laborers, the remainder being quarrymen. The amount of money received over the counter per annum is about £18,000; the property in land and cottages (nearly all freehold) is worth £3,700, including 23 cottages let to various members of the society, £400 invested in the wholesale society, and £400 in an association farm in the neighborhood. This society is managed with great success, mainly by agricultural laborers, and the education arising out of the discussions at the monthly and quarterly meetings—such discussions, for instance, as whether this £400 should or should not be invested in the association farm—are most valuable. To show the amount of savings which are accumulated in the society, and the uses to which they are put, I may mention the fact that not long ago five members withdrew a certain portion of their savings (amounting to not less than £300) and invested it in a farm, which they rent as joint tenants, employing a bailiff to manage it. All this was saved without conscious effort out of laborers' wages, which, as a rule, are from 13s. to 14s. a week in the district. At Harbury the store also does the work of a building society for its own members, with infinitely greater security than the ordinary societies, which are too often traps laid for the unwary by designing persons. It has built or acquired 23 cottages, which it lets to its own members at reasonable rents. The Harbury co-operative store has, indirectly, been most invaluable in extending the allotment system. In the first place, it provides the savings which a laboring man can profitably put into the soil, then it enables the allotment holder to keep an additional pig, with the certainty of finding a market for the bacon. In another way, less obvious at first sight, it assists the same movement. The presence of a store inevitably lessens the competition for land, inasmuch as where good food can be obtained cheaply the inducement for ordinary people to obtain land and produce for themselves is largely removed.—A. H. D. Ackland, in Harper's Magazine.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

GLEANINGS.

Kind words cost no more than unkind ones.
Those can conquer who think they can.—Emerson.

A good life hath but few days, but a good name endureth forever.
What is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.—Longfellow.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity fresher and smile.—Irving.

A wise man in his own house should find a wife gentle and courteous, or no wife at all.—Euripides.

The Christian is like the ripening corn; the riper he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.—Guthrie.

God writes the gospel not in the Bible alone, but on the trees and flowers, on the clouds and stars.—Luther.

It belongs to the nature of the Bible that it has written for all men of every time, and for all the experiences of each single human heart.—Tholuck.

Receive Christ with all your heart. As there is nothing in Christ that may be refused, so there is nothing in you from which he must be excluded.

Faith, though weak, is still faith—a glimmering taper, if not a glowing torch. But the taper may give light as truly as the torch, though not so brightly.

One promise without reserve, and only one, because it includes all and remains—the promise of the Holy Spirit to them who ask it.—Macdonald.

There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and see" will speak best to your soul.—Samuel Ruthenford.

Whoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.—Calvin.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.—T. B. Aldrich.

We cannot skip the seasons of our education. We cannot hasten the ripeness and the sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping frost, nor one week's blighting east wind.—F. W. Robertson.

To attempt to serve God without love is like rowing against the tide; but love oils the wheels and makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service because they love him. Love is never weary.—Watson.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, and so beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

The lesson contained in the story of Christ washing the disciples' feet is one "for good men and women," who, because they have set out on some great enterprise of goodness, are apt to think that they are exempt from "the little courtesies of lowlier service." To be faithful in great things, it is requisite that we should be faithful in the least.

No human word can express the whole of human love or the burden of human love or the burden of human sorrow. What then? Shall man be like the caged eagle that beats out its brains on the bars of its cage? Ah, no! He can go into the closet and speak to God. If he can not express all his feelings there, there are groanings which can not be uttered which God hears. God is felt after.—B. M. Palmer.

A COSTLY PLAYTHING.

Apropos of precious stones, I will relate a curious story told by the celebrated Jules Janin, says a Paris correspondent of the New York Graphic. It appears that he once came near losing the celebrated Sancy diamond, said to be worth 1,500,000 francs. It appears that he was one day visiting the Louvre in company with the Princess Demidoff. The latter, as the weather was warm, took off her shawl, on which was her diamond brooch. This she handed to the author, and asked him to keep it for her. Janin, of course, consented, and slipped it into the pocket of his white vest, and thought no more about it; neither did the Princess. The next day, however, she asked her husband whether M. Janin had returned the pin.

"No," replied the Prince.

They sent in haste to Janin's lodgings. "You don't mean to say it was the Sancy diamond?" cried the bewildered critic. "What can I have done with it?"

He searched through his wardrobe without success. Suddenly a thought struck him.

"I put it in the pocket of my vest," he cried.

"In that case," said the servant, "it has gone to the washerwoman's."

Everybody ran to the washerwoman's. The good soul was cautiously questioned. She must not be exposed to too great a temptation.

"Oh! yes, a breastpin," she replied, carelessly. "I remember. I didn't suppose you cared about it, so I gave it to my youngest to play with."

Fortunately, the child was not far off. He did not suspect that his plaything was worth a million and a half, but it was quite safe. Janin, however, never told the story without a shudder.

Literary and Educational.

Phillips Brooks, in his introduction to a collection of the sayings of Frederick Denison Maurice, selected by M. G. D., speaks of him as "a great spiritual master, whom the world has already felt and whom it is yet to feel more before his power is exhausted." That may be said with great corroboration just now, for the "Broad Church" has invaded New England, and seems to have taken a stronghold on the Back Bay in Boston. Of all English leaders of the Broad Church, none have had so deep an influence on the theological temper of our time as Maurice. We were reading and pondering his essays when we were students, and his seemed a voice so unique and mystical that men who were pillars thought it was that, and nothing more. But it has penetrated thinking as an atmosphere, and lo! the New Departure is on us, and we know it not! This volume of 269 pages, 12mo., is entitled "Faith and Action." The title is well given; for, although Maurice was a mystic in theology, he was a practical worker also, a Christian Socialist, in the best sense. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, have published a volume of the religious poems of Robert Browning. It includes "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," "Saul" and "An Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, an Arab Physician." Miss Heloise Edwina Hersey, who has edited this book, has contributed an essay on "Personal Immortality, as Illustrated in the Poetry of Browning." Her thesis is this: "The most careful science of the day declares it absurd to suppose every energy of the universe conserved except that marvelous energy which we call the human mind. Browning is the first poet who has assimilated this theory completely." Mr. W. G. Rolfe, the well-known annotator of Shakespeare, opens the volume with a brief introduction of Miss Hersey. The book is neatly prepared, and sold for 75 cents. Franklin and Hawley streets, Boston.

The Charles Scribner's Sons' new magazine has bounded at once into a large circulation, although this number, February, is but the second. We note the following papers as of special interest: "The Likenesses of Julius Caesar," with sixteen plates, reproducing busts of the great Roman. Mr. Washburne gives a second paper on "The Siege of Paris" a vivid picture. "The Glimpses of Paris in the Time of the Revolution," furnished by extracts from Gouverneur Morris' diary, are concluded. There is, also, a vigorous handling of our "Naval Policy," by Professor D. R. Soley. The above is the weightier portion of these pages; the lighter element of story and song is amply provided for. \$3. 743-745 Broadway, New York.

RECEIVED.—Announcement of College of Dentistry for its sixth session, March 7th-November 30, 1887.—James J. H. Gregory's "Retail Catalogue Seeds," Marblehead, Mass.—"The Truth and the Church for the Times."—Statement at Installation at Minneapolis, by Rev. Charles F. Thwing.—"The Inter-Collegian of the Young Men's Christian Associations."—Report on Sunday railroad traffic, presented at General Conference of Connecticut, 1886.—"Nobody's Child," by D. S. Mathews. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., 31 Rose street, New York.

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NEWS ITEMS.

The white population of Alaska has more than doubled itself in the last year and a half.

Germany, according to its Minister of Finance, annually spends \$500,000,000 on liquor and tobacco.

The Italians have suffered a disastrous defeat in the Sudan and the Government has sent a large reinforcement from Italy.

The rains last week were general and abundant. The situation is greatly improved. The crops will, most likely, be very fine.

Professor E. L. Youmans, editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and an eminent American scientist, died January 18th, aged 65.

Hon. Hiram Sibley of Rochester, N. Y., is to give \$250,000 to Cornell University. The Government has raised the blockade of the Sudan, and commerce with that region has been reopened. Edgar Vincent has visited and inspected the Egyptian petroleum works and makes a favorable report about them.

The New York *Tribune* says that the book left in manuscript by General Logan, "The Volunteer Soldiers of America," will be published in Chicago without delay.

The Pope is in favor of Bismarck's army bill, as he thinks it will help the papal cause in Germany. He advises the Ultramontane center to support the Government's policy.

The *Christian Advocate* says that ex-Governor Murray of Utah declared that "if it were not for the schools and churches which the missionaries to Utah established, the law could never be enforced as it is now."

Of the 2,131 students of the Presbyterian colleges of the country 1,415, or nearly two-thirds, are members of the church; 318 of the 1,942 young men, or more than eighteen per cent, expect to enter the ministry.

Mr. Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, in addition to his other liberal gifts to the Adelphi Academy of that city, of which he is President, has lately given \$100,000 to enlarge its building and extend its collegiate department.

At a fire in this city, February 10th, several firemen were severely injured, and one, John Wilkinson, was killed. Our firemen are noble, brave men, and often have to go into most perilous positions. They deserve well of the city.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, at their annual meeting recently, tendered their heart-felt thanks to Mrs. Cleveland "for the position she has taken in the chief social circle of the nation as a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks."

In Nevada City during the recent snowstorm there was a lively time with snowballs, but there was just this difference between that place and San Francisco—in Nevada City women, old men, sick persons and cripples were free from attack.—*Chronicle*.

When the high-license system went into operation in Missouri there were 3,601 liquor-saloons; now there are 2,880, one out of five having been shut up. The 3,601 yielded an annual revenue of \$547,320; the 2,880 yield \$1,842,208. The license is from \$550 to \$1,500.

At the last Patti concert in this city a man named Hodges took into the gallery an infernal machine, prepared, no doubt, to set the opera house on fire. He exploded it, and was badly hurt himself. It was a most fearful crime, and might have resulted in killing many people.

Rev. J. R. McDougall, the energetic pastor of the Free Church of Florence, has been broken down by the labors and anxieties connected with the project of union of the Waldensian Church and the Free Church of Italy, and has been compelled to seek rest in Great Britain.

The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Union have received offers of service from 18 students of Morgan Park and from 14 of Newton Theological seminaries; and 48 students of Hamilton Academy, University, and Theological Seminary are looking forward to labor in mission fields.

Fresh grapes, packed without special care, were last season successfully shipped from Colfax, Placer county, to London, England, arriving there in perfect order, and showing what it is possible for California fruit-growers to do in supplying the markets of the world with their products.—*Chronicle*.

The needed \$20,000 for the purchase and fitting up of the Home for Missionaries' Children at Auburndale, Mass., under the excellent care of Mrs. Walker, has been secured, the Marquand estate, whose trust funds are doing such praiseworthy missionary work, having furnished the last \$1,000.

Intemperance has increased so rapidly with the increase of the liquor business in Belgium that Government has introduced a bill into Parliament providing that drunkards in public places and liquor-sellers serving drunkards or children shall be fined and imprisoned, thus making drunkenness and drunkard-making a crime.

In addition to the payment by the Chinese authorities of \$25,000 for damages to the American Methodist mission property at Chung King, the Viceroy of the Canton Province favors repairing all losses of property at Quai Peng and giving full protection to the Presbyterian

mission work there, and \$5,000 has been paid for injury to the Presbyterian mission property at Shanghai.

The governors of the provinces of China have, by imperial order, issued proclamations directing their people to live at peace with Christian missionaries and their converts, to treat them with courtesy, and to regard their legal rights, allowing Chinese subjects who wish to become Christians, and commending the fruits of the Christian religion.

The *Moravian* in an excellent editorial on the ability of Christians to have their own way here if they will only agree to insist on it, recalls the efforts to check the movement to open the Centennial Exhibition on the Sabbath, and tersely says, "The Centennial Exhibition kept the Lord's day holy because the Christians of Philadelphia determined that it must be so."

CAIRO, February 2.—Henry M. Stanley, who will leave here on Thursday, for Zanzibar, will be accompanied by eighty negroes. The total force of his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey will be 1,200 men. He does not expect any opposition. The Government has raised the blockade of the Sudan, and commerce with that region has been reopened. Edgar Vincent has visited and inspected the Egyptian petroleum works and makes a favorable report about them.

SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 27th. EDITORS PACIFIC: Perhaps you have never heard of our training-class. It is conducted, weekly, under the auspices of the Armory Hill Young Men's Christian Association of Springfield, Mass., and led by Mr. Bowne of the School for Christian Workers. One hour and a half is given to study of methods of Christian work. The first half of the time is given in consideration of such practical topics as "How to Lead a Meeting," "How Can We Get More Time for Christian Work," "How to Get the Greatest Good from a Verse of Scripture," etc.; the remaining three-quarters of an hour on some topic relating to personal work, such as "I Will Some Day, but Not Now," "I Am too Great a Sinner." The leader of the class personates the inquirer, while two of the class are called upon to deal with him. The other evening we considered the topic "How Can We Aid Our Pastors More?" Many very good points were given, and it is thinking that your readers might be benefited that I send some of them to you:

1. If he asks anything, do it; show him that he can depend upon you.
2. Pray for him, and it will spur you on to new action.
3. Shake hands with him and encourage him; he is human.
4. Tell him when his preaching helps you.
5. Attend the services regularly. Look at him while preaching. Pray for him while he is speaking.
6. Urge others to attend with you. Make appointments with them.
7. Look out for strangers, and introduce them to the pastor.
8. By great carefulness of life; others are reading you, and will be influenced by what they see you do.
9. Tell what little you know about Christ, and follow up by personal work any impressions made from the pulpit.
10. Make suggestions to him. He is always glad to get them, although he will use his judgment about acting upon them.
11. Take some definite work in the church to do, and do it! Do not let anything interfere with it.
12. Keep at it.

The following were given by letter from Rev. Dr. Pardington of Brooklyn:

1. Make a complete consecration of self for anything.
 2. Offer yourself. Let him know you are ready.
 3. Let him and you study what you are best fitted to do.
 4. When you know it, do it in as intelligent, uncompromising and unostentatious manner as possible.
- These from Rev. Dr. Reid of Brooklyn:
1. By setting a good example—(a) by a regular attendance; (b) be on time; (c) willingness to participate; (d) willingness to participate in special services, even at the inconvenience of self; (e) by non-participation in doubtful pleasures.

Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn suggests the following:

1. Serve your Lord and Master faithfully.
2. Be at post on Sabbath and at prayer-meeting.
3. Bring all you can to hear the gospel message from his lips.
4. Follow the message by your own effort to increase and deepen the impressions made. Pray for blessing upon message, instead of criticising it and forgetting it.
5. Co-operate with him in all labor for Christ.
6. Send him any information of awakened souls or others needing aid.
7. Pull with, and not against, him.
8. If he helps, you tell him so.
9. Belong where you go, and go where you belong.

With pleasant remembrances, yours,
PHILO P. HAVEN.

The man or woman who always reveals a cheerful spirit will succeed in life. The pleasant face will carry its possessor safely through life in spite of every opposing power. Smiles will banish the darkness that gathers about every life-path, and the sunlight will fall upon life's pathway wherever a cheerful spirit exists.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, FEB. 27. GEN. 19: 15-26.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

When the two angels reached Sodom, it did not take them long to learn that there was sufficient cause for the sad errand upon which they were sent. "The men of Sodom, both old and young," proved themselves deserving of the threatened punishment. They would have Lot and the angels understand that they could hold and express their opinions only as long as they agreed with their own. They intended to run that city, and did not intend that any preachers from earth or heaven should interfere. It was rather late in the day for Lot to undertake the work of a

HOME MISSIONARY.

But he was commissioned by the angels, and had to begin. It was a most unfavorable time. He had to get up in the night to do it. The change was too sudden, and contrasted strangely with his former inactivity. He seemed to have awakened from a troubled sleep. They thought he mocked. A background of consistent Christian activity would have greatly helped his preaching. The blight of Sodom was upon him. He found it hard to enforce his doctrine by a consistent

EXAMPLE.

We almost question whether he believed what he had been saying. We should expect that, with the earliest light, he would have set out, with his family, to flee from the city. The angels were up first. He lingered. They hastened him who should have been more earnest to flee than they; and when they had "aid hold upon his hand," and pulled him out of the city, he seemed more ready to object to their advice than to follow it. When they said escape to the mountain, he said,

"OH, NOT SO, MY LORD!"

He wanted to suggest a plan of his own, and to be allowed to try it. He wanted to do something different. Sin has always the same tendency. The invitations of the gospel are urgent, yet men linger. They are plain, and they are from God, yet they say, "Not so, my Lord." They sometimes think that others should be more eager for their salvation than they are themselves. They appear to think they are excused for lingering, as Lot did, because nobody has visited, invited, urged and compelled them to flee from the wrath to come. They are more reasonable in other things. One person of this kind went to San Francisco the other day. The keepers of lodging-houses did not throw around him, and entreat him to secure a place to sleep; but he secured one because he wanted it. The restaurant keepers did not call on him, and entreat him not to forget to take his daily food; but he did not forget it, because he wanted it. It is one of the proofs of human depravity that a man often takes better care of his body than of his soul. Lot was willing to go out of Sodom, but he did not wish to go far away. God advised him to leave the plain, and all the cities upon it, but Lot wanted to keep as

NEAR THE EDGE.

As possible. He chose Zoar, and then was frightened out of it, and had to flee, at last, to the mountain. This trait of Lot's character was not peculiar. Many persons, who wish to flee from sin far enough to avoid the punishment that must come, still wish to keep as near the edge as possible. They are not exactly profane, nor do they quite break the Sabbath. Those things that are sins in many people, they contrive to do in a more respectable way; and so pursue their road towards heaven like children walking on a narrow rail, hoping that, when they fall, it will be on the proper side. Zoar was a little city. It must have become a large one, if it contain all who want to be out of Sodom, but not too far away. To all such, the fate of Lot should be a warning. Our last sight of him was in a cave, without property, business, home, wife or friends. Only his daughter remained to him, sadly damaged by their late associations. He was a timorous, discouraged, drinking man. His speculations on the plains proved most disastrous. His efforts as a preacher were too late, and unsuccessful, and his attempt to command his children and his household after him was an entire failure. Such was the fate of the man who chose his business and his location without regard to the moral and the spiritual needs of himself and family.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, on Thursday, February 3, 1887. The religious exercises were conducted by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, D.D., of India. The death of the Hon. James Jackson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, was announced, and, on the recommendation of a special committee, the managers unanimously adopted a paper expressing their high appreciation of his Christian character.

Grants of books were made to the value of about \$2,500. Funds were also granted to the amount of \$719.80 to the American Board for its Austrian Mission. Communications and reports were received from various parts of the foreign field, and among others from Dr. Turnbull at Valparaiso, and from Mr. Milne who had reached Chili on his way around the continent, and was about to embark for Uruguay; from Mr. Caldwell of Bogota, Mr. Baxter of Callao,

and Mr. Osuna of Venezuela, showing how Bible distribution commenced by Mr. Milne was being carried on; from Mr. McKim and Mr. Diaz in Cuba, who, together, sold 450 volumes of Scripture in December; from the Austrian Mission of the American Board, with a report for 1886 and a request for a new appropriation of funds, which was cheerfully granted; from the Ningpo Presbyterian Mission, conveying a vote of thanks and expressing high appreciation of Dr. Gulick's efficiency and courtesy; from Dr. Bliss, with estimates of \$60,000 needed for work in the Levant the coming year; and from the British and Foreign Bible Society calling attention to a large Missionary Conference, which it is proposed to hold in London in 1888. Two Bible societies were recognized as auxiliaries in Kansas, one in Michigan, and one in Massachusetts. The receipts in January from all sources were \$55,467.59; of which amount \$28,905.40 were for books sold and on purchase account. Issues from the Bible House during the month of January, 64,395 volumes; issues since April 1, 1886, 835,395 volumes.

STRIKES.

The following from the *Christian Weekly* presents this striking business in a very fair and wise way. Since it was written, we are glad to learn that this particular strike is virtually ended. We wish for those Eastern people the quickest and cheapest possible delivery of coal while the storms and intense cold of this season of the year continues. But for one cause or another, there or here, some strike may be projected at any time. Better read before engaging in or countenancing it:

"The strike of the coal-handlers and 'longshoremen' now in operation in this city and vicinity is deplorable. It shows that the Knights of Labor, because a corporation will not give its employees an advance in wages of two and a half cents an hour, can well-nigh paralyze the commerce of the metropolis, with all that involves of trouble at other and distant points commercially in relation with this city. We do not justify the corporation. The general attitude of these coal combinations toward the interests of the public has not been such that they are to be judged leniently. At the same time, the Knights of Labor are doing more to injure the workmen than all the corporations. They are going a long way towards rendering it impossible for capital to employ labor. They are introducing an element of uncertainty into business which will make capital very shy of doing business, and the worst pinch of this will come on the workmen. For the sake of compelling a corporation—a soulless corporation, if one pleases to call it so—to pay to a few workmen a small advance, they are compelling other workmen to give up good positions and excellent pay, with the uncertainty of securing either again. They are producing a coal famine which eventually must fill the pockets of the 'coal barons,' while multitudes of the poor must shiver in fireless homes. They are establishing a worse monopoly than any corporation ever dared to do, for they deny to all workmen of man—the right to work for whom he pleases and at wages to which he agrees. It is easy to say that there ought to be some way to bring about a better state of things, but as yet it has not been found. If now each side would only try the Golden Rule!"

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

The time fixed for holding the Twenty-seventh International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations in this city, is May 17th to 15th. Mr. E. W. Watkins, one of the traveling secretaries of the International Committee, arrived in this city, February 8th, to assist the local Associations in perfecting arrangements for the entertainment of this most important gathering, and negotiations are now being made with the various railroads looking toward reduced rates in transportation.

The General Secretaries' Conference will follow the convention, and will be held in Oakland, May 18th, 19th, and 20th. It is the plan of the local and international committees to place several of their secretaries at different points on the coast, say three or four weeks prior to the convention, to conduct special Evangelistic meetings, and to aid the local associations in their various departments of work. There seems to be every indication of a very large representation of representative Christian men from all parts of the country. The Convention will hold its sessions in the First Congregational Church.

Y. W. C. T. U., NO. 1.

William H. Barnes will address the gospel temperance meeting next Sunday, at 4 o'clock, in Irving Hall, 139 Post street. You are all invited.

Bishop Taylor, having secured the means for his missionary steamer on the Congo and contracted for its building, has returned to Africa. The steamer is to be of galvanized steel, 90 feet long, 16 wide, drawing 2 feet of water, and provided with electric light. It is armed with the novel weapon of a hose and nozzle for throwing a stream of water sufficient to repel a fleet of attacking canoes, wetting down the enemy instead of wiping them out.

The United States Senate passed a bill prohibiting members of Congress from acting as attorneys for railroads, in which the United States has any interest.

Publishers' Department

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Dr. H. C. French, whose advertisement is in another column, is a graduate of the New York Ophthalmic College, and Professor of Eye and Ear Diseases and Surgery in the Homeopathic College of San Francisco. He has familiarized himself with European methods of treatment of eye and ear troubles, in a recent trip abroad, when he was the valued foreign correspondent of THE PACIFIC, by whose managers he is highly esteemed.

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